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REVIEWS

National Education. By F. Hill. 2 vols. C. Knight.

The Schoolmaster: Select Essays on Practical Education. C. Knight.

So much has been recently said and written on the subject of National Education, that the public must naturally suppose that something is doing, or has been done. There cannot be a more mischievous error. It is not denied that the system of public instruction in England is unworthy of our age and nation; that the information communicated at the great majority of our public schools is deficient both in quantity and quality; that the heads of too many seminaries are "skulls that cannot teach and will not learn;" and that the youth of France, Germany, and America enjoy opportunities of acquiring knowledge greatly superior to those possessed by the rising generation in this country. The evils of the present school system have been repeatedly exposed in detail; but such exposures have been received with what Paley felicitously terms "otiose assent"—nobody denies the existence of the evils, but nobody considers it his duty to labour for their removal.

One great cause of this negligence is, that the abuses in English education do not arise from any derangement of machinery, but from a radical error of system: it is not merely that some branches are unsound, but that the tree is rotten at the core. We need not, perhaps, add, that there never yet existed abuses which did not interest a class in their maintenance, or that the abuses in British education form no exception to the rule. These, too, are so intimately interwoven with ancient and valuable institutions, that persons interested in their defence have a seeming apology for the outcry they contrive to raise against change, and for characterizing it as revolution, although the charge has no more foundation in truth, than that of the Persian courtiers who accused an architect of designing to pull down the royal palace, because he attempted to remove the ivy by which it was disfigured.

Before entering upon the discussion of this important subject, we shall direct the attention of our readers to a distinction of some importance, which, however, has escaped the notice of many writers. They must not suppose that the question of national education involves any other respecting the merit or demerit of particular systems of instruction—the one is a principle, the latter merely a mode of development.

It would be a waste of time to offer proof that national education is, and ought to be, a direct duty of the government, because this duty has been felt and recognized, in a greater or less degree, by the rulers of every civilized state. But two important questions arise from the concession of this principle: How far it is expedient for the government to delegate this duty to others? and, what degree of control should be reserved by the rulers over the persons intrusted with its performance? It will help us towards a solution to bear in mind that the best, perhaps the only, practical surety for the performance of any public duty, is responsibility. This being admitted, we find these questions alter a little in form, and resolve themselves into the following: First, is the ruler, minister, or governing body,

who nominates to the important charge of public instruction, responsible to the nation for his choice? and secondly, are the teachers, however chosen, responsible to any authority for the due exercise of their functions? It is manifest that the first species of responsibility has no existence in England; and that the second is, in practice, a mere mockery and delusion. Yet, until both are efficiently established, all improvement can be merely palliative.

It is of importance fairly to investigate the obstacles which impede the establishment of such responsibility. To do this effectually, the question must be considered fully and freely—at the same time, it should be done without prejudice or passion: reason is always calm and temperate, violence and personality belong properly to a bad cause; and whenever they have been unwisely dragged in to support a good one, they have only weakened what they were designed to maintain.

If we look to the history of public instruction, we find that in Greece and in Rome, both under the Republic and the Empire, education was under the control of the government; and the philosophers, sophists, and rhetoricians, were responsible for what they taught. Every school-boy knows, that the charge on which Socrates was condemned, was that of giving depraved instructions to youth; and few are ignorant of the frequency with which the Roman emperors interfered in the schools of the philosophers, both at Rome and Athens. We grant that the exercise of this authority was not systematic, and perhaps on that very account was frequently mischievous: we only contend for its existence as an acknowledged principle.

Under the Christian emperors this power was delegated to a new body, the Church: the ministers of religion were naturally regarded as the official guardians of education, the most suitable instructors of the public mind. But the ecclesiastics of that day believed it was their duty to fix opinion, rather than to form it; and they took the compendious method of prohibiting all instruction which had not previously received their sanction. The schools of the philosophers at Athens and Alexandria were closed, and science and polite literature were neglected for the mysteries of creeds.

But this evil soon corrected itself in the Eastern empire. After much ink and blood had been wasted, controversialists laid aside their disputes from sheer weariness, and a revival of literature took place, nipped, unfortunately, in the bud by the growing greatness of the Turkish power.

What the emperors had given to the clergy of the Eastern empire, was forced upon their brethren of the west by the pressure of irresistible circumstances. The ecclesiastics of Gaul and Italy, after the invasions of the barbarians, had the monopoly of education, simply because they were the sole possessors of knowledge. They soon felt that this exclusive possession was a source of great power; and, to secure it, they established ecclesiastical schools, in which, not only the rudiments of learning were taught, but all the knowledge attainable in that age. The establishment of universities was effected by the union of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, but they were subjected almost wholly to the control of the latter.

It follows from this slight sketch, that the

system of education devised by the Romish church, or rather formed for it by circumstances, was perfect, so far as the second head of responsibility is concerned: there was a tribunal to which the teachers of youth were responsible for the soundness of the instruction they communicated. Unfortunately, the ecclesiastics inquired more eagerly into the orthodoxy of their teachers than into their literary qualifications; but the latter were not neglected; the records of the Sorbonne contain many examples of persons being refused a licence to teach on account of their deficiency in a knowledge of the Latin language. But, on the other hand, the first head of responsibility was altogether wanting: the Church refused to be answerable for its decisions respecting the licensing of teachers, and the authorizing of doctrines to any but God; these decisions were too frequently guided by passion, self-interest, or ignorance: and the consequence was, that unlicensed teachers sprung up, especially in the monasteries, who braved the power of the secular clergy. It should never be forgotten, that the principles of the Reformation were first broached by the monastic orders, and that the principal agents in its establishment were monks and friars.

After the Reformation, the Church of England inherited the monopoly of education from the Church of Rome, but it had a less effective machinery for exercising a direct control over the teachers. The Anglican Reformed Church wanted the centralization of its parent: the king, indeed, was in the place of the pope, but he had no college of cardinals; the houses of convocation stood in the place of general councils, but their debates possessed no interest, and their decisions little authority. Hence the shadow of responsibility retained, by forbidding persons to teach unless licensed by the bishop, became worse than an idle form; persons were licensed, whose only qualifications were submission to the mandates of power. Common sense rebelled against this preposterous responsibility; dissenting academies flourished in spite of persecution, and by degrees education was emancipated from all the trammels of authority.

Here then we arrive at the present state of the question. Government delegated its power to the Church; in the course of time the Church abandoned the power and the duty thus imposed, except in so far as it gave patronage and profit; and that duty now remains unperformed. We hold, that under such circumstances a government is bound to resume that power, and which ought never to have been absolutely delegated to others.

But what are the evils, it may be asked, which result from leaving education free? We answer, precisely the same evils in kind, though not in degree, which would result from leaving actions free in the absence of protection. Parents cannot estimate the fitness or unfitness of a teacher except by results, and when these results come under observation the evil is incurable. Money is wasted, intellect injured, health in many instances, and life in some, sacrificed, with no means of procuring redress. In every other case of similar hazard the law provides protection: an apothecary cannot compound drugs, nor a physician prescribe them; a surgeon must not dress a limb, nor a general practitioner feel a pulse, unless each has severally proved his

competency before proper examiners. Now, the art of education is to the full as difficult, and at the least as important, as the art of physic, and requires as great an extent of knowledge; the same necessity which exists for previous inquiry and examination in the one case, as clearly exists in the other. Were a commission of inquiry into the state of instruction and discipline in the schools of Britain to issue, it would bring to light a mass of error, absurdity, and evil, which would bring conviction to the most unthinking.

Two substitutes for the responsibility we recommend have been frequently adverted to; the annual visitations of colleges and endowed schools, and the control exercised by committees over proprietary schools. But the annual visitations are merely deceptive. Do the visitors inquire minutely into income and expenditure? do they investigate the amount of work done and its cost? do they compare the salary of lecturers and professors with the number of lectures delivered? do they communicate to the public in a printed report the result of their investigations? On the contrary: the whole is shrouded in secrecy and mystery; the public learns nothing and gains nothing by the entire proceeding. We have never known the directors of any one of these institutions to fear a visitation; but there is abundant and public proof, that many have been seriously angry at the mere mention of a commission of inquiry. Away with such a mockery as an official visitation; give us in its stead two intelligent honest accountants to draw out a balance sheet of the work done and the cost of doing it: if, as we are told, all be fair and honourable, such publication will redound to their credit; but if impediments be thrown in the way of investigation, the public may rest assured that the system cannot bear exposure.

Proprietary Committees are, we admit, excellent so far as they go, and a decided improvement on the old system; but they are not perfect. In the first place attendance is voluntary, and men soon get weary of sacrificing their time without any apparent remuneration. A full attendance may be expected when an office is vacant, but for mere ordinary business it will be often difficult to make up a quorum. The members, besides, are virtually irresponsible, and if they ever combine for a job, there is no public to pronounce judgment on their conduct. Further, such committees, though good as administrative, are by no means competent as legislative bodies.

The first great requisite in England, is a national system of education, which should be the result of the deliberative wisdom of the most intelligent men in the nation, and have the sanction and support of Government, and the establishment of a Board of Education, possessing a controlling, but not absolute power, and which, by its certificates, should afford security to the parent for the efficiency of the teacher. The system of control should be in a medium between centralization on the one hand, and independence on the other. From the normal school, local committees should have the power of procuring teachers whose possession of knowledge and ability to communicate it had been tried and proved, but it should be left to their discretion to make selection from all such approved teachers. Again, the Board should only, as general superintendents, interfere with the management of the schools, to see that the annual reports were full and fair representations of the actual state of things, and as umpires in case of a dispute in the local committee.

But the constitution, character, and operation of such a Board, together with the system of education which it would be advisable to adopt, at least in the first instance, may be worthy a separate examination at a future opportunity.

Before concluding, we must impress on the true friends of education, that the time for delay or compromise is gone by. Something must be done, and that right speedily, or England will lose irrevocably her intellectual rank in the scale of nations. They must be prepared to encounter a strong resistance, and to find perhaps, for a time, the public but lukewarm in the question; but every fresh discussion will add to their strength, for it will bring to light fresh instances of the vast amount of the evil done by the present system, and the inadequacy of any remedy short of a total and radical change.

The volumes before us merit the attention of all who feel an interest in the subject. Mr. Hill discusses the principles of a national system with ability, but he is more successful in pointing out evils than suggesting remedies. 'The School-master' is a series of essays on the practice of education, many of which contain valuable instruction to teachers,—if, indeed, teachers can be persuaded that they need to be taught. We were particularly pleased with Mr. De Morgan's plan for teaching arithmetic, a most important branch of education, wholly neglected in some of our great schools, and very imperfectly taught in the best of them.

Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination. By the Authoress of 'Mothers and Daughters.' 3 vols. Colburn.

The Diary of a Désennuyée. 2 vols. Colburn.

The *Quarterly Review* has made a heavy charge against the French people, on account of the immorality of their fictitious literature; and the *London and Westminster* has met the accusation, by a comparison with the immorality of our own early playwrights. In our opinion, neither of the writers of these articles has gone to the bottom of the subject. The connexion between a nation's morals and its literature rests far too deeply below the surface, to be fillicipped off with a few sentences of *ipse dixit*, let the authority be as trustworthy as it may. Waiving, however, this point, it is sufficient to our present purpose to notice the more palpable error of including all immorality within the circle of "licentiousness," and of overlooking every other prurieny of the imagination, than that which is gratified by tales of voluptuousness and crime. Were we called upon to take up the cudgels for our neighbours, we should refer to literary offences at home, much more nearly touching us than the immodesty of the times of "good Queen Bess;" and we could bring forward evidence from the pages of our popular literature indicative of a prevalent immorality more dangerous, because more insidious, than that deducible from the literary delinquencies of the present race of Parisian novel weavers. The novels, for instance, of the class now before us,—albeit, as "chaste as the icicles which hang on Dian's temple,"—are, nevertheless, witnesses against our national morality of a most formidable nature. Is there "no offence," for instance, in that prevalent itch for scandal, to which the so-called "fashionable novels" too freely administer?—none in that search after excitement, in a "show up" of the private life of persons of public notoriety? For our own parts, we consider the prevalence of this taste as indicative of a very low rate of average morality in the public who indulge in it, and as testifying to a state of society very diffusively corrupt and disorganized. But putting these personalities for the moment out of sight, the fashionable novels, which illustrate their satire only through the agency of fictitious personages, would afford exquisite matter to the French cynic who might be inclined to rail against English morals. However exaggerated and absurd the delineations of high life, which many of these productions con-

tain, there still is *some* truth in them. Yet what a picture do they afford, not merely of that peculiar depravity so triumphantly imputed by the reviewer against the French, but of an universal laxity of morals, and a looseness of principle in every department of life! What an absence of common probity do they offer in their traits of party politics, of gambling, of speculations of all kinds, of white-washings, &c. &c.; in every point, in short, in which convention has superseded the decalogue, and in which criminality is not stamped on the transaction by the brand of a penal code! It is not merely that the acknowledged scoundrel of the tale commits disgraceful actions, but that the morality of the society in which its very best characters move, is of the lowest possible standard. It is the incessant display, in every page, of heartlessness, and of an insensibility,—not merely of the nicer distinctions of right and wrong,—but of those broader outlines, which many have supposed to be distinguishable, through the instrumentality of an innate moral sense, so open are they to the observation of all unsophisticated and natural minds. Nay, the *good* people brought forward in these works, as examples, or as reliefs, are moved by impulses and governed by notions which, though amiable in their results, are often not less unsound, less false, and dangerous,—less founded in ignorance and prejudice, than those which influence the professed villains of the story.

In comparing this class of productions with the monstrosities which the present transition-state of French literature has produced, in its passage from the worn-out system of the age of Louis XIV., to a something yet to be created, we must in candour admit, that the latter never impose upon the reader for a moment, as types of anything really existing in nature or society. The worst that can be said of the more outrageous among them is, that they display the hypothetical depravity of the human heart, under circumstances which possibly never existed, and which certainly are so remote from the actual condition of society, that they prove nothing. As well might it be urged, that the rage for melo-dramas is founded in something in the spectator which sympathizes with the cruelties of their tyrants in black and scarlet, as that the rage for horrors in fictitious narrative flows from the corruption of Parisian society. But the whole charm of an English fashionable novel depends on a belief that such things are; and that we are actually abiding in the same atmosphere of vice and corruption, as the personages of the tale.

But this, as we have already said, is arguing merely on the surface view of the subject. If we had either space or leisure to dig deeper, we could show that the imputed connexion between a corruption of morals and a false taste in literature is not so very immediate; and that an excessive prudery in the authors of any age, is no good guarantee for the purity of the society which forces it upon them. We are no advocates for the existing school of French fictitious writing; but we hold it to be much more wearisome than immoral,—much more hostile to good taste, than to purity and innocence; and we cannot believe that it is an exponent of anything in French society, beyond an anarchy of taste, which is but the prelude to some coming literary system, as yet undreamed of in our philosophy. The political revolution of France, founded on a material revolution in the position and interests of the people, inevitably produced a revolution in their literature; and as the subsidence of the waters of the deluge has been fabled to have been followed by a generation of "all monstrous and misshapen things," before it produced its natural crop of things useful and natural,—so has

the subsidence of the revolutionary deluge engendered its literary chimeras, which must soon pass away, and be followed by a new and superior creation.

These reflections have been forced on us by the concurrent perusal of the *London Review* and of the novels now under consideration. Though they have led us something aside from our subject, they are not altogether foreign from it: to return, 'Mrs. Armytage' is a clever work, as everything which comes from the pen of Mrs. Gore must be; but it cannot escape from the besetting sin of its class, nor overcome the fact, that this class has been thoroughly worked out. All its possible combinations have been exhausted,—all its possible characters delineated. A lively style, acute remarks on society, and a shrewd insight into the absurdities of particular castes and classes are great merits; but they cannot renovate that which is effete, nor convert satiety into excitement. A consciousness of this is, we presume, Mrs. Gore's apology for attempting to eke out the interest of her volumes by personal ridicule; and that, too, rendered more offensive by the very parody under which it is not concealed. The merits of the novel, however, such as they are, are personal to the author; the faults are peculiar to the class to which it belongs. To those whom such novels please, 'Mrs. Armytage' will give satisfaction; but we are so thoroughly sick of their endless repetitions, that no skill of execution can redeem them in our estimation.

Of the 'Désennuyée,' the same general opinion may be given, even in greater intensity. It is more commonplace in its conception, in its incidents, and its characters; it is more absolutely exempt from originality, and less distinguishable by individuality from its yokefellows; but it is more pithy, more sententious, more satirical, more personal. The form which the writer has chosen precludes any very decided display of pathos or of humour; but a diary necessarily leads to apophthegm and to satire. The volumes are, in truth, so very sharp, or as we should say, if we were not the mildest of critics, so very pert, that they are comparable only to the Irishman's apple-pie, which was made entirely of quinces. Not, however, to let our own estimate decide for the reader, we shall permit the 'Désennuyée' to be her own critic. We commence with a remark on Clubs:—

"After all, clubs are not altogether so bad a thing for family-men. They act as conductors to the storms usually hovering in the air. The man forced to remain at home, and vent his crossness on his wife and children, is a much worse animal to bear with than the man who grumbles his way to Pall Mall, and, not daring to swear at the club servants, or knock about the club furniture, becomes socialized into decency. Nothing like the subordination exercised in a community of equals, for reducing a fiery temper. It is not the influence of the colonel or the major which curbs the violence of the irascible young ensign, so much as that of his brother ensign, who joined six months before him, and is already subdued to the discipline of the regiment."

A little further on we find the following:—

"Miss Austen observes, in one of the best of her admirable novels, that 'when lovely woman stoops to be disagreeable,' the only art her guilt to cover is, like the lovely woman who stoops to folly, 'to die!' Yet, what multitudes stoop to be disagreeable?—How many of those who are sulking with the world, from finding themselves less important, less beautiful, less lauded than they could wish, take refuge in the morasses of disagreeableness!—some looking prudish—some consequential—some pharisaical—some blue,—in the mistaken view of magnifying their nothingness. So that their presence do but impose upon the timid, the ignorant, and the weak, they are content. They forget that the world repays itself during their absence;—that they must sometimes depart this city, and, at last, this life; and

that, if the ass avenged itself by spurning the dead lion, still more ignominiously are its hoofs applied upon a defunct asinine brother, equipped in a lion's skin!"

We shall next present our readers with the *Désennuyée* at court; the last place, by the bye, in real life, for getting rid of ennui:—

"After all, magnificence is a tawdry thing, when viewed under the searching blaze of sunshine. Jewels lack lustre,—gold appears mere tinsel,—the circumstantialities of dress are too much seen to admit of any general effect; and even beauty's self becomes less beautiful. The exposure of the person imparts a meretricious air,—the complexion becomes moistened by the stifling atmosphere of the crowded rooms. As to ladies of a certain age, let them, above all things, avoid the drawing-room:—such a revelation of wrinkles, moles, beads, rouge, pearl-powder, pencilled eyebrows, false hair, and false teeth, as were brought to light, I could scarcely have imagined. Many faces, which I had thought lovely at Almack's, grew hideous when exposed to the tell-tale brightness of the meridian sun; the consciousness of which degeneration rendered them anxious, fretful, and doubly frightful. Two or three dowagers, with mouths full of gold wire, chinstays of blond to conceal their withered deficiencies, and *tulle illusion* tippets, were really horrible; painted sepulchres,—ghastly satires upon the hollowness of human splendour. * * *

"I have often heard it asserted that an English girl, with the early bloom of girliness on her cheek, is the prettiest creature in the world; and have thence concluded that a drawing-room, where so many of these rosebuds are brought forward to exhibit their first expansion, must present a most interesting spectacle. This morning I particularly noticed the *démouilles* to be presented; and the ghastliness of the ladies of a certain age was scarcely less repulsive than the *naiiserie* of several of these budding beauties. Nothing but a young calf is so awkward as a girl fresh from the school-room, with the exhortations of the governess against forwardness and conceit still echoing in her ears; knowing no one,—understanding nothing,—afraid to sit, to stand, to speak, to look,—always in a nervous ague of self-misgiving. The blushing, terrified, clumsy girls, I noticed yesterday, will soon refine into elegant women; but what will then become of the delicacy of their complexion and the simplicity of their demeanour?"

Here follows something on "Fashion,"—smart, if not quite original:—

"And what, after all, is called Fashion? Ten thousand various things, by ten thousand various people! Rank is positive, wealth positive; but Fashion is an airy nothing, which obtains a name and local habitation, according to the fancy of the tribunal sitting in judgment. Provincial people, speaking of their county races, observe, 'We had all the *fashion* of the neighbourhood: the duchess and her daughters, Lord So and So and his sons;' evidently mistaking mere nobility for fashion. London people, of the second class, talk in the same strain, of 'having met Mrs. Bullion and Mrs. Omnium,' or other notabilities of the Bank-stock aristocracy with quantities of their *fashionable* friends at Hastings or Brighton.' While the world,—the peremptory world of the two thousand, applies the designation of fashion exclusively to that precarious and uncertain distinction which, for a moment, concentrates the favour of its caste upon certain things, or certain persons; individuals deficient in birth, fortune, morals, and understanding, have sometimes been eminently the fashion; and, as such, preferred before the great or good; have been invited everywhere, courted, caressed, till they attained an air of self-possession,—of satisfaction in themselves and the world,—conventionally termed an air of fashion."

Again:—

"A curious example was afforded me the other night, of the capricious nature of this butterfly goddess, whose frivolous worship seems to form the darling idolatry of London. * * * I was startled by Lady Cecilia's observation of, 'Ah! Mrs. Crowhurst is in the duke's box, I see.' * * *

"Mrs. Crowhurst?" said I; and, following the direction of her glass to the ducal box to which she

alluded, I found it fixed upon a tall, fair, handsome, and strikingly 'fashionable-looking' woman.

"How abominable of the duke, whose sisters and cousins are often seen in that box, to allow such a person to enter it!" I exclaimed, in a fit of virtuous indignation.

"Such a person?"

"Such a person as that Mrs. Crowhurst."

"My dear love, she is not *that* Mrs. Crowhurst; she is *the* Mrs. Crowhurst. What have you to urge against her?"

"Nothing!—but I have always concluded—"

"Fie, fie! where have you lived, my dear, not to have heard of Mrs. Crowhurst?"

"*Fous êtes d'une ignorance crasse*, as the French say of those who know twice as much as themselves! Mrs. Crowhurst is, as you see, a handsome woman; she is, as the peerage will tell you, well born; and, as I can tell you, clever and agreeable. Yet, when she first descended upon this most capricious of cities, no one cared for her—she did not get on—she was not the fashion. Some thought her too tall, some too fair, some too lively, some too frivolous—all too something. Almack's turned up its nose at her; and, under such contemptuous treatment, most women, ejected from the highest sphere, would have taken to staring it in a lower. But the Crowhurst (let us do her justice!) had a taste for good society; and, after secretly analyzing the nature of the supercilious men and women by whom she was judged unworthy notice, determined on a *coup d'état*. She made herself talked about, grew affected, lost her character, and—became the fashion! I, and other fools, immediately set about inquiring 'Who is this Mrs. Crowhurst, concerning whom there is such a scandal with Lord Alfred?' Not the Mrs. Crowhurst I met down at Clackmannan Court?—Well! I had not the least idea there was anything attractive in that woman!—and so began to discover merits in her errors. By degrees she became the rage; nay, she is still the height of the fashion. But if all the world believed her, as I do, to be, in reality, well-conducted, it would be puzzled to assign any motive for her sudden popularity."

From these extracts it will be seen that the 'Désennuyée' is a work of considerable merit, when considered not as a novel, but as a vigorous, and often a just, satire on the vices and follies abounding in the civilization of modern Europe. It is the production of one who knows society well. We are not sufficiently behind the scenes to identify all the great originals; but there are several "not to be mistaken." It is to these, we suppose, Mr. Colburn alludes in his recent note of preparation, announcing that the MS. had been committed to the flames, as "too bad" for publication. We can, however, assure our friends, that it is by no means so reprehensible as the nervous excitement of the worthy Bibliopole led him to insinuate.

It is singular, that with so much ability of her own, the author should have imitated so closely, the style, the mannerism, the modes of thought and of expression of a contemporary writer. One is almost tempted to believe that the object was to pass off the work as a production of Lady Morgan's, so closely does it copy even her acknowledged faults. But the merits of the *Désennuyée* are, that the author skims lightly and brilliantly over the surfaces of things; whereas Lady Morgan usually endeavours to attain also to some knowledge of their hidden causes. This imitation ought to be held conclusive against an opinion entertained by some persons, that both 'Mrs. Armytage' and the 'Désennuyée' are the production of the same facile *Perryan*; the latter being published anonymously, for the modesty of the thing.

We should not, perhaps, have adverted to this question of authorship at all, but for other little half-guinea outbreaks of Mr. Colburn's. Here is one of them:

The Diary of a Désennuyée.—Our interest has been strongly excited by the rumours afloat touching the authorship of this work, and now we have glanced over its pages our curiosity is rather increased than diminished. What

can all this mean? Is it real? Is it actually into the salons of the Tuileries and St. James's we are thus coolly initiated? and are the originals of this bold tableau, actually such as on all sides we hear assigned? We sincerely trust not.

Morning Chronicle.

We have also noticed a curious coincidence in the only reviews yet published.

New Monthly.

We sincerely congratulate Mr. Colburn on the *premier pas* he has made upon his return to the World of Literature—the Publishing World we should rather say. The “*Diary of a Deseignee*” is an exceedingly brilliant book.

Literary Gazette.

If there be any truth in the French proverb, “*Ce n'est que le premier pas que coûte*,” we congratulate Mr. Colburn that his *first step* on again commencing publication should be a work so attractive, and, we must repeat the word, *brilliant* as the present.

Mr. Colburn, we suppose, claims the right of doing what he likes with his own—we therefore offer no comment on the *reviews*! but we submit to the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* whether it would not be better to follow the example of the *Times*, and prefix the word *ADVERTISEMENT* to all paid-for paragraphs.

New Selection of Original Troubadour Poetry—

[*Nouveau Choix des Poesies Originales des Troubadours.* Par M. Raynouard. Tom. II.

—*Introduction au Lexique Roman, ou Dictionnaire de la Langue des Troubadours, comparée avec les autres Langues de l'Europe Latine.*] Paris, Bossange & Co.; London, Dulau.

This work is a desirable, and indeed a necessary, supplement to the indefatigable editor's former collection of Troubadour Poetry, which, as it included not merely the rhymers of Provence, but many of Italy, Catalonia, Navarre, Arragon, Normandy, England, &c., met with a more favourable reception than any preceding publication on the same subject. Our present business, however, is not with a range so vast, nor, indeed, with any national branch, or even any individual example, of this widely-famed species of poetry: it is solely with the *language* of that poetry—the only subject of the volume before us—some consideration of which may serve as a useful introduction to future papers on the degree of excellence attained by the professors of “the joyous art.”

To readers who, like ourselves, have learned by experience the imperfections of M. Roquefort's “*Glossaire de la Langue Romane*,” this attempt of M. Raynouard to remedy them will be received with gratitude: and, if we are to judge from the present volume, which, though consisting of above 500 pages, does not terminate the letter C, we may expect—what, in these days, is of rare occurrence even in France, and wholly unknown in England—a satisfactory, because an ample, work on the subject, so far as the *French Troubadours* are concerned.

But it is the *Introduction* to the *Lexicon* which, on the present occasion, absorbs our attention. In it M. Raynouard endeavours to establish, what, indeed, no one at all conversant with the subject could ever dispute, the identity of many, the affinity of more, Troubadour words with the corresponding ones in all the languages of Latin derivation—viz. the Catalan, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Italian, and the French. We may, however, in *limine*, object to this classification. By the *Spanish*, he doubtless means the *Castilian*; but why mistake the appropriate designation? why so absurdly confound the species with the individual? And, if bent on multiplying distinctions, why omit the *Valencian*, which is certainly as far removed from the *Castilian* as any of the dialects he has enumerated? The truth is, that neither the Catalan nor the Valencian was immediately derived from the Latin; in both, especially the latter, there is so great an admixture of Gothic, and, in a certain degree, of Moorish words—to say nothing

of the vagabond words and phrases which come from Heaven knows where—that it is doubtful whether Rome or the barbarians had the more influence over the infancy and growth of either. We might go farther, and ask, why, in an Introduction to such a subject, we hear no mention of the Neapolitans, the Sicilians, the Sardinians—people who had poets enough, and these no mean members of the *Cours d'Amour*, and whose language bears even less resemblance to the Latin than some we have mentioned? And, to come within the more immediate range of the inquiry, had Navarre and Arragon—each country with a peculiar dialect—no Troubadours—no poetical language? Consult the literary annals of both, and we must blush for the narrow views which have guided our otherwise meritorious antiquary. While granting, therefore, the reality of that affinity, and even of that identity—partially, at least—in regard to several of the languages he has enumerated—which, in fact, are mere cognate dialects—we protest against the application of his theory to others, for which we find no place in his book.

But, while thus condemning some fancied analogies of M. Raynouard, which a more extended acquaintance with the dialects of southern Europe would have compelled him to abandon, we can bear evidence to the accuracy of his researches when he endeavours to prove the existence of a vulgar language in Europe—a language from which some modern dialects are partially derived—at a period much more ancient than has been generally assigned. Even if we had no documents to prove, it would still be reasonable to believe, that when the northern and eastern tribes of the Germanic and Slavonic races inundated the provinces of the Roman Empire, they would, from necessity, learn some mode of communication with the vanquished, or rather, we should say, passive, inhabitants of the soil. Hence the rapid amalgamation of the foreign with the native language: hence the disuse of inflections in regard both to nouns and verbs: hence the simple garb in which the gorgeous, majestic language of Cicero and of Virgil began to be arrayed. But, perhaps, like most philological predecessors, we are proceeding on an assumption less favourable than we have a right to demand. Who can prove to us that the highly-finished language of those immortal writers was that of the rural population?—nay, of the municipal colonies?—nay, of the majority in Rome itself? Is it reasonable—is it not presumptuous, to suppose, that the artificial structure of the language—its interminable inflections, its elaborate, and, in our view, unnatural, collocation—could be used, or even understood, by the vulgar? The ordinary speech of the educated must have been very different from that of the ignorant classes of society, or the conversation of noble youths with slaves would not have been so severely prohibited—and that, too, on the express ground, lest the language of the former should be corrupted. If this were the proper place for such an inquiry, it would not, we think, be impossible to show, that, whatever might be the forms of oral communication among the educated classes, the rest employed a much simpler medium—perhaps prepositions in lieu of cases, and, partially at least, auxiliary verbs in lieu of moods and tenses: or, it might be, that the prepositions, as signs of cases, were understood rather than expressed.

However this be, it is an undoubted fact, that most of the inflections, in reference at least to nouns, were fallen into disuse as early as the ninth century. The oath of Louis the German, in 842, before the nobles of the French, that he would undertake nothing against the authority of his brother Charles the Bald, and the promise of the nobles that in such case they would not

assist Charles if he undertook anything hostile against Louis, are in the language of the time, and well deserving the notice of the curious. We have, however, space for one only:—

“*Pro Deo amur et pro christian poble et nostro commun salvament d'ist di en avant,—in quant Deus savir et podir me dunat, si salvarai eo cist meon fradre Karlo, et in ajudha et in cadhuna cosa, si cum om per dreit son fradra salvar dist, in o quid il mi altresi facit; et al Ludher nul plaid nunquam prindrai qui, meon vol, cist meon fradre Karle in damno sit.*”

It would be impossible to account for the amazing change between the written language of the fifth, and that of the ninth century, except on one or both of the hypotheses above stated—viz. the gradual amalgamation of the foreign with the native idiom, and the exceeding probability that the oral language of the vulgar differed widely from the written, or that of the educated classes. And even then, the transformation is striking. Here are few inflexions of cases, yet many of the prepositions are omitted; and, what is more remarkable, the terminations of the verbs were undergoing a complete change. Thus, *salvarai* and *prindrai* had then, as in the modern French, the same future signification. M. Raynouard has endeavoured to explain the grammatical construction of the words: *he sees*, not chance combinations, but a beautiful well-contrived system, obedient to definitive laws. But, though his reasoning is ingenious, it is seldom convincing; and we must allow another century, at least, to elapse before we can admit that positive rules directed the construction or collocation of words. Some of his observations, however, are distinguished by equal acuteness and truth; but, as a disquisition on the elements of a rude language would be unintelligible to most readers, we forbear to dwell on the subject.

This junction of foreign with the native tongues, and this consequent creation of a new speech, did not, assuredly, take place in France earlier than in other southern countries of Europe. There are, for instance, in the old Catalan and Castilian, documents still extant, that may be satisfactorily traced to a period of equal antiquity with the oath of Louis; and, for anything we know, this may be the case with the provincial dialects of Italy. The few who have access to such mouldering fragments of a literature nearly lost, would confer some benefit on philology, if they favoured us with a gradual succession of specimens; but such an inquiry could not be conducted in this country; and our numerous tourists are so intent on traversing the greatest given space in the shortest given time, that we must not expect from them any assistance in such a matter.

The statement, that a vulgar language prevailed along the maritime coast from Naples to Valencia, is indisputable; but then this is only a portion, and the least important portion, of the fact. In the first place, such a language existed in the *interior*, no less than on the coasts of each country. And we must be careful that we do not assume the language of one as the language of all. Each had its own speech, created as we have seen by necessity,—a speech not common to the rest: in all it was different. The poet of Naples could not have understood his brother minstrel of Provence; and the latter would have been equally unintelligible to the bard of Navarre: while *this*, in his turn, would have recited Greek to the Norman. Not but that a very considerable number of words was common to all; but the identity of even a thousand words would not prove identity of origin in any two languages: it would only prove a certain affinity between them. With the glossaries of half-a-dozen dialects before him, any man of common learning might extract a number of cog-

nate words, and satisfactorily show their common origin; but, though this is the usual, it is not the right way to deal with the subject. The only rational way is, to select as many compositions of the same period as he can procure, and, having established the meaning, the etymology, and the construction of each word, as it occurs, to see how far the same accidents apply to the words of another dialect. If he do so, he will certainly find many, very many, kindred words; but he will find more, between which he will be at a loss to trace the slightest affinity.

The truth of these observations will be evinced by a reference to the numerous specimens of Troubadour poetry even now published; and more may be expected to meet the public eye. In writing on such poetry, we have, in this country,—and the example was set us by our neighbours—been too much accustomed to restrict it to the bards of Southern France. We did not consider that many other kingdoms had also their professors of the tuneful art; and that, as each, if desirous of fame, must clothe his conceptions in the vernacular garb, so, between the compositions of even contiguous countries, there must have been great diversity of language. Where the poets were separated by intervening kingdoms, this diversity was the more striking. Let any student, for example, take up the Glossary of Roquefort, and he will find that its title, 'Glossaire de la Langue Romane,' is a sad misnomer, if he endeavour, with its assistance, to understand the Troubadours of Arragon—of Castile—or even of Catalonia. In this respect we have some right to complain even of M. Raynouard. He ought to have done what he has not done—to have studied the dialects of Spain and Italy, and to have rendered his Lexicon available for the universal perusal of all writers who have acquired distinction in *La gaya ciencia*. Still, as before observed, we must be grateful for what has been done: Roquefort, indeed, will still be consulted; Raynouard must supply much of that for which he has long been known as defective; but a third, and more comprehensive scholar must bind himself to the most laborious of drudgery, before we have a satisfactory guide to the general literature of the Troubadours.

The Romance of Nature; or the Flower-Seasons illustrated. By Louisa Anne Twamley. The plates engraved after original drawings from nature, by the Author. Tilt.

At this burning season, when the things of artificial life become more than usually distasteful, a book which tells of gardens and fields and hedgerows, must be as welcome to the chafed and fevered spirit, as the scenes of which it treats would be refreshing to our aching eyes and unstrung nerves; that book, it being premised, the work of one whom a genial love and a frequent observation of nature have made an artist and poet,—and not the manufacture of some town mechanist. When we read in her preface with what unaffected earnestness (as though pleading the cause of familiar friends,) Miss Twamley spoke of the introduction of wild flowers into her pages, we were immediately content to resign ourselves to her guidance:—

"Many far more magnificent might have been selected; but it is the poetry of our own meadows, and lanes, and dingles, and 'little running brooks,' that I wished to point out to my readers. Had I only made acquaintance with Flowers in the costly conservatory, or the trimly laid-out garden, (though I dearly love a garden,) I should not feel their beauty and blessings half so deeply as I now do. Wild flowers seem the true philanthropists of their race. Their generous and cheerful faces ever give a kindly greeting to the troops of merry village children who revel in their blossomy wealth; and right welcome

are they, gladdening the eyes of the poor mechanic when he breathes the fresh country air on Sunday, and gathers a handful of cowslips or daffodils, or prouder fox-gloves, to 'carry home, and set in the dim window of his pent-up dwelling. So dear and beautiful are wild flowers, that one would think every one must love them."

After some graceful introductory verse, we begin at once with "the first faint blossoms of the spring," or rather as Miss Twamley calls them, "friends in winter," the Snow-drop, and the Crocus, with a cheerful note of accompaniment from the "household bird with the red stomacher." But in commemorating these first tokens of hope and promise, could not our authoress afford to cast one gracious backward glance, or bestow one kindly word upon the solitary flower of mid-winter—the link, as it were, between death and life,—the Christmas Rose? We can only forgive her the omission for the sake of her pretty verses to the flowers with which she has chosen to begin the year, and the yet pleasanter prose in which she has framed a rich treasury of pictures from the old poets, who have dwelt with a vigour and a music—alas! now not to be equalled—

Upon the soote season, that bud and bloome forth brings.
She has done well, however, to confine her selections (making the one exception in favour of Shelley,) to the works of those fathers of English song: had she permitted herself to collect from the writers of to-day, her 'Romance of Nature' might have been as interminable as any of Mademoiselle de Scudery's. The songs of the modern choir, too, would have sounded feeble after the lusty music of brave old Chaucer, and the more delicate, if less manly tones of quaint graceful Herrick. We cannot resist a few lines by the latter poet, which, to our thinking, far surpass Thomson's well-worn and celebrated passage, describing the departure of winter.

Fled are the frosts, and now the fields appear,
Recloth'd in fresh and verdant dress;
Thawed are the snows, and now the lusty spring
Gives to each mead a neat enamelling;
The palmers put forth their gemmes; and every tree
Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.

What gentle winds respire! as if here
Never had been the northern plunderer,
To strip the trees and fields to their distress,
Leaving them in a piteous nakedness.
And look now when a frantic storm doth tear
A stubborn oak or holme, long growing there,
But lull'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze,
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees, &c.

Neither can we pass Prior's charming lines to the Crocus, stolen from a further page of the "Spring memories and musings."

Dainty young thing
Of life! thou venturous flower,
Who growest through the hard cold bower
Of wintry spring.

Thou various hued,
Soft, voiceless bell, whose spire
Rocks in the grassy leaves like wire,
In solitude.

Like patience, thou
Art quiet in thy earth,
Instructing Hope that virtue's birth
Is feeling's vow.

Thy fancied bride,
The delicate Snow-drop, keeps
Her home with thee: she wakes and sleeps
Near thy true side.

Will man but hear!
A simple flower can tell
What beauties in his mind should dwell
Through passion's sphere.

Miss Twamley's second illustration of spring is the Pyrus Japonica, that cheerful and hardy flower, whose rubies (forgive the conceit,) may be sometimes seen smiling out, when stem and garden-paling are thickly mantled with snow; but we must leave it, and see what she has to say, and what she has gathered of other flowers more familiar to the poets—of Daisies, those

—dear English flowers
Growing in meadows that are ours,
For any child to pluck;

with their thousand fanciful names; by one call-

ed "a flock of fairy sheep,"—by Shelley, "those pearly Arcetri of the earth;"—of the Primrose, celebrated by rare Ben Jonson, as the "Spring's own spouse,"—of Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty;
And Violets, that, all modest as they be, are only less celebrated in song, than the Queen Rose herself. The two last (counting the garden Narcissus as the cousin-german to the homelier, but gayer field-flower,) have been delicately drawn, and daintily sung by our authoress; and, to make amends for the omission of the Daisy, from the list of her painted favourites,—a flower, indeed, fairer when sprinkled in thousands among the young grass, than when singled out and straightened up to sit for its picture,—she has gathered together a thousand fresh and delightful testimonials to the love in which it has been held by the inspired of all ages. We must give two verses of Chaucer's, on the subject.

In Fevevere, when that it was colde,
Froste, snowe, haile, raine, hath dominacion;
With changeable elementes, and windes manifolde,
Which bath of ground, floure, herbe, jurisdiction,
For to dispose afir their correction;
And yet Aprilis, with his pleasant showeres,
Disolveth the snowe, and bringeth forth his floweres.

Of whose invencion lovers may be glade,
For they bring in the Kalendaris of Maie,
And they with countenance demure, meke,
Owe worship to the lusty floweres alose.
And in special one called iye of the daie,
The daisie, or flower white and rede,
And in Frenche called La belle Marguerite.

The other flowers selected as illustrations of the Season are, the common way-side Furze-blossom, too cheap a blessing to be prized as it deserves, for what can exceed the luxury of its fragrance, or the perpetuity of its bloom, which has given occasion to the country saying, "When gorse is out of blossom, kissing is out of fashion"—Anemones (how much prettier the English name of wind-flowers!)—"those shy flowers" the Lilies of the valley—and, lastly, Pansies, brought by the recent arts of floriculture to a gorgeous size, and splendid variety of hue. We shall have occasion, presently, to give a specimen of the verse which accompanies these faithful portraits; but, in the meantime, shall draw upon the prose, as our fancy leads us. We must, however, observe, that Miss Twamley has forgotten even to name some of the most charming of all spring flowers: the graceful, tender-hued Wood-sorrel—the chequered Field Fritillary, so prized by some zealous gardeners, that we are told by Miss Mitford, (always delightful in her notices of flowers,) that the Duke of Marlborough attempted the magnificent experiment, at White Knights, of transplanting half an acre of meadow land, for the purpose of naturalizing this elegant *field exotic* in his grounds. The Broom, too, "the bonny bonny broom," might have been mentioned among the May flowers; and, in the garden, we would have contrived to find a corner for the Columbine, those

Homely old English flowers—without pretence
Of gaudy hue or enervating scent.

But we are not to cavil at what want of space, or difference in fancy, have caused Miss Twamley to withhold, when we see how much she has given us.

"Two more popular favourites among Spring's rainbow children, are the Celandine and Buttercup; and their bright golden faces tell us many a tale of infancy and happiness—of the time "when daisies and buttercups gladdened our sight like treasures of silver and gold." There is the Arum, too, with its curious sheaths, enfolding the singular spire of yellow, purple, or pink, which children call 'cows and calves,' a title which my floral etymology has not yet enabled me to make any sense of; but I well remember the pleasure of seeking and gathering the plant, and now the sight of the Arum's broad, shining barbed leaves, in a hedge or on a bank, is an irresistible attraction to peep for the well-known treasure. And how delicately do the light blossoms of the

strawberry gem the banks with their small, silvery stars! while above them the hawthorn gently waves its branches in the soft breeze, enwreathed and loaded with clustering *swarms* of flowers,—

Speaking their perfume to the tell-tale air,
Who, gently whispering, will gaily go,
And all around the fragrant message bear.
Come, let us rest this hawthorn tree below,
And breathe its luscious fragrance ere it dies,
And watch the tiny petals as they fall,
Circling and winnowing down our sylvan hall,
Shook from the fall-flowered spray by quivering wing
Of some gay bird, up-rushing to the skies,
Its wild, out-pouring melody to sing,
Exulting in its joy. * * * *

Of course, in these Spring sketches, an ample space is devoted to the coming of "May, queen of blossoms and sweet-smelling flowers"—that season, above all others, so dear to the English of old England,—whether to the peasantry, who still rise betimes* in the morning to gather May-dew, or frolic round the decked and garlanded Maypole,—or to the sailor, far out at sea, who nails his garland to the mast, with a superstitious yearning for home love and home faces. If Miss Twanley has been, perhaps, somewhat chary in mentioning the glorious flowering shrubs peculiar to this time of the year, which give so many an old English hall a gaiety it can wear at no later period, she has been profuse and judicious in her extracts from the old poets touching "the merry month," and has described many of its rich and joyous appearances musically and naturally. The following verses are not her best; but it would be discourteous to leave her, having drawn from every store save her own:—

The spring came forth; with her glance so bright,
Her song of glee, and her wing of light,
She hath flitted along o'er vale and hill,
That in Winter's deep sleep lay dark and still;
She hath warbled her cheerful arousing strain,
And they burst from their slumbers to life again.
She waved o'er the forests her magic wand,
And the leaves sprung forth 'neath her fairy hand;
The luxuriant lilac's bloom is there,
And laburnums waving their yellow hair.

O'er field and hedgerow, by bank and stream,
Her path we trace in the rainbow gleam;
Of the myriads of flowers, that now unfold
Their treasures of silver and burnished gold.

One more extract, and we have done for the present, leaving a thousand things unsaid that every line and page have suggested, in the hope of returning to accompany the poetess and artist in her pilgrimage through Spring and Autumn. If we are thought, by some, idle and too discursive in this "babbling of green fields," our answer shall be in the verse of one of the most natural of modern poets:—

—God made flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest, who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.

Here is the passage we have promised, which proves that our authoress not only remembers, but discriminates in her study of the old poets.

"Although every flower which our divine Shakespeare has mentioned claims from us an immortality of love, yet the Pansy seems especially dedicated to him. Other Bards have written most sweet and dainty conceits about the blushing rose, and the fair lily, and the blue violet, and many another gentle bud and gorgeous blossom; but none have so entirely appropriated any to themselves as Shakespeare has the 'Pansy frenked with jet.' He has given the fable to the flower, and a passage of more perfect poetical beauty cannot exist, than the scene where Oberon directs Puck to 'fetch him this herb.' * * How touchingly Ophelia mingles the Pansy in her gifts of token flowers:—'There's Pansies—that's for thoughts.'

* We were amused and surprised, not long ago, to stumble upon traces of this healthy old custom even here in London! and to find it kept up by the most unlikely of all unlikely persons—a statesman, perhaps the last of all statesmen likely to be suspected of a poetical fancy, or a picturesque turn of mind. But so it is:—"the ancient spirit is not dead."

"Herrick, in his usual quaint, fanciful way, gives a different account—

How Pansies or Hart-esse came first.

Frolic virgins once these were,
Overloving, living here;
Being here their ends deny'd,
Ran for sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd.
Love, in pite of their tears,
And their losses in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them hart's-esse turned to flowers.

And here we must end—for seven days at least.

Germany in 1831. By John Strang. 2 vols. Macrone.

Notes of a Ramble through France, Italy, Germany, &c. By a Lover of the Picturesque. Hamilton & Co.

We shall dispose of the latter of these works first, and that briefly. Its history appears to be this: "time and circumstances agreeing," the writer started, as his countrymen are accustomed to do, on a summer trip to Italy, going by way of France, and returning by the Rhine. As he moved on from scene to scene, he kept such notes, "the rapid transcript of impressions made on the mind, as the eye glanced over the surface of things," as might revive the recollection of what he saw and heard in his travels. So far well: but unfortunately on his return he stumbled on a passage in Goldsmith, where it is observed, that "to a philosopher, no circumstance however trifling is too minute; he finds instruction and entertainment in circumstances which are passed over by the rest of mankind;" and hence, we presume, he jumped to the conclusion, that he was bound to publish his notes for the benefit of philosophers. To their especial use we are content to leave them. In truth, all that we said respecting Mr. Twining and his travels in Norway, might with equal propriety have introduced the Lover of the Picturesque, and his Ramble, to the reader. He is equally unacquainted with the history, the literature, and we suspect even the languages, beyond perhaps a conversational facility, of the countries he visited; and taking into consideration that he travelled over the most beaten track in Europe, we leave the reader to set his own conjectural value on "the rapid transcript of impressions made on the mind, as the eye glanced over the surface of things."

Mr. Strang however is "another gait" kind of man—one well prepared to benefit by what he saw and heard; and we ought perhaps to apologize for putting so ill-matched a pair in harness together. But we have lately gone somewhat minutely over his whole route, and must therefore be brief in our introductory remarks: indeed, we mean to confine ourselves principally to extracts, relating to the state of literature and literary men in Germany, a rich harvest field hitherto comparatively untouched, but in which Mr. Strang has laboured zealously and well. We must not however restrict our commendation in like manner, for the work is a valuable one, and interesting throughout. Our first extract will be a sketch of the literary history of Hamburg:—

"Hamburg being, more than any other place in the world, a purely mercantile city, it is scarcely to be expected that her sons have either time on their own hands to follow literary or scientific pursuits, or inclination to encourage these in others. The fact is, literary distinction here is nearly about as valueless as stars or ribbons; and hence there are but few who have really done anything for the literature or science of Germany, who have made choice of this town as a permanent residence. Klopstock, no doubt, occupied for nearly thirty years a house in the Königstrasse—on the front of which is emblazoned the well-known sentiment of the poet, 'Die Unsterblichkeit ist ein grosser gedanke.'—Immortality is a mighty thought,—and there wrote his Messiah. Hagelorn wandered about Harvestehude, and wove his fancies into verse. Gerstenberg when

in Altona penned the majority of his dramas, and improved his famous war-songs. Büsch, when living in the vicinity of St. John's Church, pursued his mathematical and historical labours, and there prepared for the press his several important works on commerce and banking. Ebeling, when a professor in the Gymnasium, wrote and superintended the publication of his masterly work on North America; while Bode laid the foundation of his astronomical fame amid the noise of this busy mart. But with these, and a few more of whom it is unnecessary to speak, we may be said to have summed up the past catalogue of Hamburg's most celebrated literary and scientific men.

"Of the few litterateurs who at present reside here, who have justly acquired literary distinction in Germany, I know of none who better deserves to be introduced to you, than my kind friend Dr. Wurm, the editor of the 'Kritische Blätter der Börsenhalle,' a publication similar to our Literary Gazette or Athenæum. * * The Doctor is in the prime of life, and although he has been a hard student, his countenance does not exhibit any tokens of suffering from the use of the midnight oil. He is acute, quick, and lively; while his conversation, although teeming with information, is altogether free from pedantry or egotism. As a foreigner he is decidedly the best English scholar I ever met with. He, in fact, speaks our language like a native; and in addition to this, he possesses what very few of our own countrymen possess—a most intimate acquaintanceship with English literature, particularly in its most palmy days. * *

"Through the pages of the periodical which Dr. Wurm at present conducts with so much credit to himself, he has lately sent forth much valuable and just criticism on the modern literature of our country—criticism that might well shame the misnamed Reviews of England. In Germany there is as yet happily very little pondering to authors and booksellers as in England: and none of that shameless systematic puffing and critical quackery which has of late so strikingly characterised the Zoili of your newspaper and magazine press. Happily for Hamburg, the editor's pen is placed in the hands of men whose critical acumen is only equalled by their critical candour. What a contrast do the opinions of such men hold out to those of

Your crawling critics—underlings of sense,
Who damn for spite and eulogise for pence!"

We rejoice to hear so good a report of the state of critical literature in Germany, and believe that it is well deserved. But does Mr. Strang suppose, that the best way to raise the character of our own, is to condemn it after this wholesale fashion? He must know that the moral and literary standard can only be raised by individual exertion and personal integrity, at enormous sacrifices in the first instance, and with very doubtful results: and pretty encouragement is held out, if a man like Mr. Strang, of ability as we know, and of integrity as we are willing to believe, feels himself at liberty to characterize all literary periodicals, and those who conduct them, as "pandering to authors and booksellers," as guilty of "shameless systematic puffing and critical quackery," as "damning for spite and eulogizing for pence"! Now, so far as the *Athenæum* is concerned, we demand proof of this; and we at once release Mr. Strang from all legal consequences, if, as an honest man, he believes that he can justify what he has so daringly asserted, and will undertake to justify it.—We now proceed with our extracts.

"The newspapers printed here, amounting to three or four, are little better than mere compilations from the journals of other countries. The editors of Hamburg rarely indulge in penning what with you is technically denominated a 'leader;' and although they did so, it would be of little value to the public, seeing that the press, in the free Hanse Towns, is subjected to the controul of a constant, prying censorship. The fact is, that the political opinions of a Hamburg newspaper, like the majority of those poured forth in other quarters of Germany, are nothing but an echo of the wishes and sentiments of the German Diet, whose spirit animates every

censor. The valuable information collected for the 'Börsenhalle List,' however, is the beau ideal of what a mercantile newspaper should be.

"Hamburg produces three monthly magazines and three or four weekly publications on literature and science, with at least a dozen other smaller popular periodicals. The circulation of these is not confined to the City and its immediate neighbourhood, but extends over a great part of the north-west of Germany. In this country, like our own, I find a growing love for cheap and light periodical literature; the majority of mankind finding it more convenient to take a short digest of a copious or bulky work from some editorial bookworm, than be at the trouble of reading the book itself.

"My friend Dr. Julius, whom you may remember having met in Scotland, I find has left this City, and taken up his abode in Berlin. The Doctor, you are perhaps not aware, commenced life as a Jew, but of late years has become a convert to Christianity, and is now a most strenuous supporter and champion of the Roman Catholic faith! In addition to his antiquarian pursuits, and his love for the Minnesingers, he has been of late labouring most worthily for the improvement of prison discipline, and has just sent a book full of valuable facts connected with that most interesting subject."

"Among the living literary men, besides those above mentioned, connected with Hamburg, there is not perhaps one who has made himself more conspicuous, or is better known over Germany, than *Henrich Heine*, the friend and follower of the ultra-liberal journalist, *Ludwig Börne*, of Frankfort. These two individuals are of Jewish extraction, and, so far as I know, have not, like Dr. Julius, departed from the faith of their fathers. The work by which Heine has made himself most notorious, is what he calls his *Reisebilder*, or 'Travelling Sketches,' which, besides having the peculiarity of alternating from prose to verse, is written in a very clever, original, and *outré* style. Two new volumes of these sketches have just now made their appearance, and are exciting no little sensation, from the energy, freedom, and boldness with which their author expresses his religious and political opinions—opinions certainly at perfect antipodes to the doctrines and practices of the abettors of the Holy Alliance.

"As a key to the character of the writings of Heine and Börne, and to the school which they would attempt to institute, I may mention, that both writers regard France and the French as the beau ideal of the social system, and consider that country far superior even to Great Britain in substantial freedom;—our countrymen, in their eyes, being by far too aristocratic and exclusive, and too fondly addicted to isolated and family life."

"Börne, in particular, represents Paris as an *Edorado*, and counsels all German students to quit their antiquated universities, and to flee to France, where, if they will only live one twelvemonth, they will acquire more knowledge of law, government, and philosophy, than is to be gathered from all the libraries and lecture-rooms of Germany in a lifetime. The only thing French which Börne does not admire, is the language, the poverty and unpoetical nature of which admit neither of originality nor variety of expression. He thinks, too, that it has become the conversational medium of the higher classes in all countries, because it is best suited for the mediocrity of intellect by which the upper ranks of all European society are characterised and held together."

"Heine, although by no means politically extravagant in his early writings, fairly out-herods Börne in his last volumes. In the use of scurrilous invective against all acknowledged and established opinions, he shows himself a master, while he seems to consider it as his most glorious privilege to sit in the chair of the scorner."

"Against the German nobility, tribunals, courts, and manners, both Börne and Heine have pointed the most poisoned shafts of their ridicule, and have consequently incurred the displeasure of every *Graf* and *Fräulein* in the land. The force and originality of expression, for which both writers are so celebrated, arise from the free use which they make of the cant vocabulary of the *Burschen*, especially of that strange *lingo* which is to be found in the pages

of a work published some ten years ago, under the title of 'Göttingen Student.'"

"I have only another living literary man connected with Hamburg, to introduce to your notice; and he is one, who, as a romance writer, is certainly one of the most original in Germany;—the individual I mean, is Dr. Kruse, first known in England through Mr. R. P. Gillies's translation of the 'Crystal Dagger.' As a living novelist, there are few who rival this writer in the intricacies and development of a plot; I know of none who can so well conceal the result of history, who so successfully sustains the curiosity of his readers, and so happily brings out the denouement. Among the late works of Kruse, the most remarkable is his tales of criminals, or stories founded upon the more striking individuals who figure in the Newgate Calendar of Germany. * * With a spirit nearly akin to that of *Schiller*, he dives into the secret springs of human action, and presents to the mind of his reader an idea of the hidden workings of human feelings and human passions. Dr. Kruse generally contrives to make us acquainted with his hero, before we observe him acting. We see him actually will the action before he performs it; and it cannot be denied, that, in a hero's thoughts and imaginings, there lies infinitely more for observation and study than in his actions, and still more in the sources of his thoughts than in the consequences of those actions. The author of *Wallenstein*, I remember, asks, 'If the soil of *Vesuvius* has been examined, to discover the cause of its burning, why should we bestow less attention on a moral than on a physical phenomenon? Why do we not attach an equal degree of importance to the nature of the circumstances in which a particular individual was placed ere the collected fuel is burned into a flame within?' Kruse occasionally seeks and shows the course of action, in the unchangeable structure of the human soul, and in the varying circumstances which modified it from without; and hence, his reader is but little surprised to find thriving in the same plot of earth, the poisonous hemlock and the most wholesome herbs; no astonishment to meet with wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in the self-same cradle."

According to our intention of confining ourselves to the state of literature and literary men, we hurry on to Berlin. We submit to the critics, that here is another case of 'Pencilings':—

"There is no city in Germany where literature and science are more valued and patronized than in Berlin, and nowhere else do we meet, in general society, with a greater number of literary and scientific men."

"The first living literary character to whom I shall now introduce you, is *A. F. E. Langbein*, perhaps one of the most voluminous writers of his time. To this venerable but hale litterateur, I had a letter of introduction. On consulting the Directory, for the purpose of paying my respects to him, I found that his address was *Unter den Linden*. But when I reached his domicile, I discovered by the number of stairs I had to climb, that, like most authors, instead of living under the *time trees*, he dwelt far above them. On ringing the bell, an old wizened-faced female opened a small pannel of the door, which was grated, and eyeing me with something like suspicion, inquired what I wanted. I explained, as well as I could, the object of my visit, and soon obtained admission."

"The best picture I can give you of Langbein, is to say, that he is the very impersonation of one of his own *Schwänke* or Jokes. In stature, he forms the most exact antithesis to one's idea of the great Frederick's grenadiers, being scarcely five feet in height, while his slender corpus is the very counterpart of the round, plump, paunchy figure of his own *Her Von Pampel!* He is upwards of seventy years of age; but his eye, in spite of its long familiarity with the lamp, seems to have lost but little of its lambent sharpness. There is an archness about his mouth, which at once proclaims his love of *Momus*, and you discover occasionally the leer that bespeaks the salacious spirit of a *Casti*. Our conversation naturally turned upon his own works, at least upon those with which I was acquainted; and he seemed highly pleased to learn that certain of them were not unknown in England. I told him I had translated

two or three of his *Schwänke*, but hinted, at the same time, that I was prevented continuing the task, from these Jokes being combined with too much of the indelicate gallantry of his prototype *Boccaccio*. He smiled at this proof of English prudery, and asked with a sarcastic smile, if *Smollett* and *Sterne* were now forgotten in Britain."

"Having thus described the oldest living literary man of Berlin, I shall introduce to your notice one of the youngest. The personage I mean, is *Mr. Philip Kaufmann*. * * I have already hinted to you, that in Germany the beauties and mysteries of *Shakspeare* are perhaps more generally appreciated and more fondly prized than they are in the land of his nativity. This is, however, not to be wondered at, when it is recollected, not only that the beings of his creative fancy are at this hour actually dividing the possession of the German stage, with the heroes of all the other dramatists of the world; but that his plays form, as it were, a perpetual text-book for the ablest critics, *Göthe*, *Tieck*, *Schlegel*, and *Börne* having successively made them the themes of acute critical analysis. The literature of this country boasts of several translations of the 'Bard of Avon,' of which those by *Schlegel* and *Tieck* are the most celebrated. But another translator, and one, too, who seems destined to share with his gifted predecessors the fame which they have so justly acquired in this particular walk, has appeared in the person of my friend *Mr. Kaufmann*, whose knowledge of the English language is only surpassed by his acquaintance with our best poets."

We have now the pleasure to introduce to our readers, a man as well known in England as in Germany:—

"Of the many literary men who reside in Berlin, and of the few justly entitled to a European reputation, I cannot resist mentioning with respect, the learned and able historian of the 'Family of the Hohenstauffen,' *Frederick Von Raumer*. * * The unwearied industry and indefatigable perseverance which *Von Raumer* bestowed in collecting materials, and in examining documents to enable him to write this truly Ghibeline history, have won for him the highest esteem and applause from all who can value such pursuits; and they afford another proof, among the many, of the peculiarly characteristic qualities of the German mind for the investigation and elucidation of truth. *Von Raumer* is about forty-five years of age, of short stature, with a countenance which bespeaks thoughtfulness rather than genius. There is a soberness of demeanour about him, indicating a philosophical rather than an imaginative disposition, though his clear gray eye at once marks the sharp and inquisitive turn of his intellect. The acute, industrious qualities of *Von Raumer's* mind, having early attracted the attention of *Von Hardenberg*, he was employed by that well-known Prussian minister, in his own private cabinet, and had the honour of assisting the reforming statesman in working out the details of some of his most important and ameliorating measures. There, he became acquainted with the practical working of courts, a circumstance which no doubt proved most useful to him in his after historical researches. *Von Raumer* ultimately left Berlin, but has again returned to it, and is now one of the Board of Censors, a situation which, from his liberal opinions, and from the present unpopular nature of the office, I should think can be no great pleasure to him. It is in fact slyly hinted, that he himself is secretly opposed to the censorship, and though strictly a conservatist, is not blind to the folly of first training a people by education for free discussion, and poisoning or damming back the sources from which they are to derive the materials of thought and study."

"While on the subject of historians, I must not omit to mention, that when I was the other day in the *Börsenhalle*—where certainly one meets with abundance of foreign liberal papers—I was introduced to the celebrated liberal *Professor Gans*, whose lectures in the University, on Modern History, have produced no little sensation among all classes of the community, not even excepting the Government, whose jealousy is seldom roused by such means. To find, in such a city as Berlin, twelve or fifteen hundred students, many of them belonging to the garrison, anxiously listening to lectures on the best prin-

ciples of government, and those principles of a democratic quality,—is a striking feature of the times, and shows a spirit of liberality on the part of the authorities, singularly at variance with the present heavy restrictions on the press. It can only be accounted for, on the German principle of supporting academic freedom of discussion.

"Among the letters of introduction which my friend Wurm of Hamburg has given me, I found one for *Ludolph Chamisso*, the great Naturalist, but better known by his strange and original literary work entitled '*Peter Schlemihl*.' I must confess I felt some curiosity to see the author of the '*Man who had lost his Shadow*,' and whose fame, from this little philosophical novel, has become almost European. I regret, however, that I have not yet been able to get a glimpse of him *in propria persona*, although the lithographed shadow of his fine head and flowing hair, forms a common ornament to many of the print-shop windows of this city. This portrait certainly gives one an idea of his dreamy mind, but it cannot at all be said to indicate anything of that determined character, which one would conceive should so necessarily belong to a man who has braved the dangers of a three years' voyage in search of a north-west passage. Chamisso is a French emigrant, but may now be said to be a naturalized German. He came, with other members of his family, to Berlin, at the first breaking out of the French Revolution; and although he has once or twice re-visited France for some time, he seems now to have chosen for life his adopted country. He is attached to the Botanical Garden, where he pursues his natural history inquiries with all the enthusiasm which belongs to his nature. He is now about fifty years of age."

Here we conclude for the present.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Jerningham; or the Inconsistent Man*."—The writer possesses powers of thought and observation, which might have been turned to better account than in the work before us, pleasant though it be. Novelty of incident it cannot boast; the story relates the fortunes of a much injured hero (why called the "Inconsistent Man" we cannot divine), who is cursed with just such an elder brother as elder brothers in novels have been from time immemorial—scheming, hypocritical, cold-hearted, hating without a cause, trying to rob our friend of his good name, and succeeding in robbing him of his bride; while she subsequently, stung by his neglect, and her own discovery of the deceit under which she had been betrayed to marry, goes mad. This is not very new. Ernest Sinclair, Jerningham's school crony and friend, is a character less after the established pattern, a philanthropist of the Shelley school, who sickens at the sight of crime and injustice, rejects all creeds and ceremonies, and is amiable, incomprehensible, and unfortunate. Then we have Lord Leicester, the good-humoured, amusing *roué*, with his mysterious tutor Delaval (alias Godfrey Moreton), who, to revenge himself on the father for an old wrong, corrupts the morals of the son, and repents when too late; he is "the inconsistent man" of the book,—or the title would still better fit Frederick Jerningham, the elder brother—"cruel and bold," who, towards the middle of the third volume, is seized by a sudden fit of penitence, and ends by becoming a worthy member of society, and an affectionate relation to the widowed hero, who to solace himself for his first disappointment, married an old playmate of his childhood, whom he only *esteemed*, and therefore as a husband treated unkindly! But enough of this: "Jern'ingham" (like many a thousand more), is a clever tale spoiled, or, to speak more precisely, is the work of one who has mind enough to have done better. As a story, it wants connexion, arrangement, and probability; but we think so well of the writer's general power, that we must express a hope, that if he venture again upon publication, he will feel it due to himself well and patiently to consider his subject and its treatment, and not rush upon "damnation and faint praise."

"*Le Bas's Life of Laud*."—Professor Le Bas writes the biography of Laud, with that admiration of his hero which naturally arises from identity of principle, but at the same time he does not disguise his

opinion, that the prelate's zeal was not always regulated by prudence. Men's minds are now too generally satisfied on the questions at issue between the ministers of Charles I. and his parliament, for us to repeat our sentiments on the subject; neither indeed does Mr. Webb Le Bas offer us sufficient arguments to give the cause a new hearing. His principal object is to warn the high churchmen, to whose tenets he adheres, against the dangers with which they are threatened by what is called the Evangelical party; he deems that this party, in its extravagant hatred of Popery, is verging towards the principles of Puritanism, and that, by their words and actions, they are giving a dangerous strength to the cause of Protestant dissent.

"*Madame Bureau de Riefrey on Private Education*."—If inveterate bad habits could be removed by a paper shot, we should hope that those who degrade governesses into servants would learn, from some of the anecdotes in this volume, the injury they do to their own daughters. But we fear that the day is yet distant, when the pride of birth, wealth, and place, will pay due homage to intellect; or the nature of education be understood and appreciated in the world of fashion. "Entrust the instruction of your child to a slave," said the old philosopher, "and instead of one slave you will have two." This piece of wisdom is about two thousand years old, but, like most other valuable lessons of antiquity, it is admired, applauded, and forgotten.

"*Armitage's History of Brazil*."—The author writes well, and displays a complete mastery of his subject, but there is nothing interesting in the history of the recent Brazilian revolutions. It would seem as if the struggles for South American independence were designed as dull parodies on the great contest by which the United States won their freedom. There is so much of folly, and of folly's wisdom, that is, knavish cunning, in the characters of all the actors depicted by Mr. Armitage, that we feel wearied by the sameness, and not a little ashamed of human nature.

"*Gilbart's History of Banking in Ireland*."—This valuable essay was intended to form a section of the author's great work on the History and Principles of Banking; he has published it separately, both to prevent his book from being inconveniently large, and to supply useful information to those who may feel interested in any of the joint-stock companies about to be formed for establishing banks, &c. in Ireland.

"*Cole's Art of Reading Greek*."—A useful little work; the rules are well conceived, and clearly expressed.

List of New Books.—History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland, by D. Gregory, 8vo. 14s. bds.—*Flora Hibernica*, by James T. McKelvey, 8vo. 11s. bds.—*Channing (Dr.) on Slavery*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—*White's (Rev. Hugh) Practical Reflections on the Second Advent*, 2nd edit. 16mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—*Gallery of Modern British Artists*, 4to. 30s. hlf. bd.—*Outlines of Geography, Part II. (Ancient)*, 4th edit. 12mo. 3s. 1d.—*Edwards's Sententiæ Selectæ*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—*Sam Belsom, a Tale for Young Persons*, 18mo. 3s. cl.—*The Mesmate*, by the Rev. J. Spencer, 12mo. 2s. bds.—*Robert's Young Cook's Guide*, 8vo. 9s. cl.—*Library of Useful Knowledge*, (De Morgan's Companion to the Maps of the Stars), 8vo. 3s. 6d.; royal 8vo. 5s. cl.—*Six Maps of the Stars*, 25 in. by 25 in. pl. 30s.; col. 40s.—*Smith's Compendium of Rudiments in Theology*, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Britannia after the Romans*, 4to. 30s. bds.—*Gally Knight's Tour in Normandy*, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Wakefield's Instinct Displayed*, new edit. 6s. cl.—*Thornton on the Teeth and Gums*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—*Curtis on the Ear*, 4th edit. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Cummin on Infanticide*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Civilization*, &c. by the Hon. A. H. Moreton, M.P. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—*Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse*, 2nd edit. 7s. cl.—*The Agriculturist's Manual*, by Peter Lawson & Son, 8vo. 9s. bds.—*Abbott's Way to do Good*, 6s. 3s. cl.—*Trimmer's (Mrs.) History of England*, new edit. 2 vols. 18mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*An Essay on Life Insurance*, by Samuel Gall, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*Aunt Mary's Stories for Children*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Ancient History*, by Mrs. Maskell, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Metaphysics of Ethics*, translated by J. W. Semple, 8vo. 16s. bds.—*Lectures on Nonconformity*, by the Rev. S. Saunders, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Newcastle Lectures on the Errors of the Church of Rome*, royal 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*History of Revivals of Religion in Great Britain*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—*Green's Biblical Geography*, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Farr's New Version of the Psalms*, new edit. 18mo. 6s. cl.—*McQueen's Statistics of the British Empire*, 8vo. 8s. cl.—*Carson on Biblical Interpretation*, 12mo. 4s. cloth.—*De la Clavier's Guide to Pronunciation of the Italian Language*, post 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Cowper's Poetical Works*, 2 vols. 32mo. 4s. cl.; 5s. roan; 7s. 6d. mor.—*Poetical Effusions from Celebrated Authors*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. swd.—*Raffles's Life of Spenser*, 24mo. 4s. cl.—*Raffles's Tour through France, Switzerland, Germany, &c.* 24mo. 4s. cl.—*Johnson's Dictionary*, Bell's Edition, 32mo. 3s. roan; 5s. mor.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

A MIDSUMMER SONG.

Come back to us, wild one!—turn hither thy feet,
'Tis the season when all the long-parted should meet;
Here's health in the sunbeam, and hope in the sky,
And peace in the song of the streams that go by;
Here's freedom, here's welcome:—believe it, no
clime

Is fair as our England at Midsummer time.

Come, dwell with us, loved one!—a cottage is ours,
Where lime trees hang heavily laden with flowers,
And the woodbine and rose through thy window shall
peep,

And breathe o'er thee softly, whilst thou art asleep.
Nor sound, save the old chapel's far distant chime,
Shall break the light slumbers of Midsummer time.

Come, rest with us, worn one!—and soon from thy
brow

Shall pass the harsh shadows that darken it now;
Thou wilt smile to behold our fair children at play
In the fresh steaming heaps of the newly-mown hay:
Hark! hark! how they call thee!—Come home,
'tis a crime,

To linger in cities at Midsummer time!

H. F. C.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—DEAN SWIFT.

BY LADY MORGAN.

TWELVE spick and span new bishops,—a hierarchy compared to that of heaven,—and revenues rich as ever religion bestowed upon her ministers, exhibited the Irish Church, in the middle of the seventeenth century, remounted on the highest springs of its ancient power and prosperity. The days of the Irish Protestant Popedom were at hand,—the reign of the infallible Boulter was preparing; the Deacrery of St. Patrick (within whose precincts the palace of St. Sepulchre still stood) became the *peppinière* of the future Primates, destined to rule the land for the sole purpose of "furthering the English interest,"—that spell-word of misrule, which so long misguided the affairs of either country, as if the interests of both were not the same.

Among the number of Deans, who performed the noviciate for higher station from 1667 to the beginning of the eighteenth century, few were illustrated by talents. Dean King fought hard for his chapter against King James II. and the royal prerogative; Dean Smith amused the leisure of his manse, by writing an account of Loch Neagh, and another, of the use of opium among the Turks; and Dean Sterne, (whose name has been immortalized by his witty descendant,) was only celebrated in the liberties of St. Patrick, and by contemporary poets, as a giver of good dinners.

Good John, endowed with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it;
He had a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable."

The once important deanery was now better known for its kitchen than for its choir. A shroud of oblivion was falling over its ancient honours and historical distinction, when one was called to preside over its liberties, destined to revive its pristine consequence, and to confer on it an interest superior to all it had previously enjoyed, whether under papal power or kingly rule.

A poor boy,—the offspring of decayed gentility and a widowed mother,—born in an obscure court of Dublin, bred in a provincial school, and sent to Dublin College by an almost bankrupt relation, refused the common honours of that University "for his dulness and insufficiency," stigmatized by its heads as a blockhead, avoided by its students as a pauper, and passing seven desolate years in gloomy walls and in hopeless meditation,—such was the miserable, struggling, and utterly unappreciated youth, of Jonathan Swift, who, in the year 1713, was installed Dean of St. Patrick's.

The life of Swift is before the world. Men have become celebrated merely by recording it, and escaped the oblivion for which nature intended them, by associating their names with his in their gleanings of the most commonplace reminiscences of his most

* Dean Smedley's epistle to the Duke of Grafton:—"My Lord Keeper has invited me to dinner to-morrow; you will dine better with the Dean (of St. Patrick's)."—*Swift's Journal to Stella*.

intimate domestic conduct. More than one of his biographers, destined by original genius of their own to reach posterity, have blighted some leaves of their laurels, by tracing, under the influence of authorial envy or of party spirit, the story of a man far beyond the reach of their philosophy.

An attack of no ordinary virulence has lately been made on the character of Swift, in a work executed with too much ability to be wholly exempt from influence.

What land that has produced a patriot so pure, a genius so eminent as Swift, would see the glory of such a character snatched from it by posthumous defamation, without an effort to protect its original brightness from even the passing shadows of a causeless calumny! It is true that the immortal works of this immortal Dean of St. Patrick best protect his memory; but there is an indolence in society of the present day, or a pre-occupation, favourable to imposition of all kinds, political and literary; and virtue often risks the loss of one of her brightest illustrators by the attack of national prejudice or of party malice, for the want of some insignificant hand to point to the finger-post of fact.

The author of the 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht,' has accused Dean Swift of being, as a political writer, "bold, vindictive, and unscrupulous," and "seldom restrained either by delicacy or compassion." From the first column of the *Mercurius Rusticus*, in the seventeenth century, to the last leader of the *Times*, in the nineteenth, this is the general fault of all political or party writers, who are sure to be as bitter as their talent or their zeal will permit. Swift was "bold and vindictive," because he was in earnest, and because, as Lord Mahon observes, "he was the greatest master of satire that ever lived;" but he was neither unscrupulous, nor destitute of delicacy or compassion; he had too much wit to be indebted to personality, and too much friendship for the best men of both parties to attack private frailty for the purposes of public prostration. "If (says Swift, defending himself against the party pamphleteers by which "he was pelted" in his own time)," I had never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party violence, if my friendships and conversations were equally shown among those who liked, or who disapproved the proceedings of the Court, and that I was known to be a common friend to all deserving men when they were in distress, I cannot but think it hard that I am not suffered to run quietly on among the common herd of people, whose opinions, unfortunately, differ from those which lead to favour and preference."

"His life and character (says Lord Mahon) were passed in the same fiery rancour that glows in his writings." His life began with an act of the most romantic generosity that ever illustrated the annals of the Church. When prebend of Kilroot, a living of only 100*l.* a year, in an obscure and wild country, Swift, then 27, was so struck by the wretchedness of a poor old curate, who maintained a large family on 40*l.* per annum, that he got the presentation of his own living for the curate; and when he saw that he had established his protégé, he once more embarked upon the uncertainties of a life, which had been always so unfavourable to him. With respect to "the rancour" attributed to his works, he seems to have anticipated the attack by the following prophetic observation:

"The kindnesses I have met with from opposite sets of people, have prevented me from being sour or violent to any party; but, at the same time, the observations and experience I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond and less surprised at any. I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry, at the violence and hardships I see practised by either." Swift was, in fact, both in his political and moral philosophy, in advance of his age; and eminently superior to both parties, Whig and Tory, with which politics and friendship had involved him. He had been equally ill used and ungratefully treated by the heads of either faction; yet he stuck by the martyrs of both, in the hour of their adversity and danger, with an heroic devotion which none of their own noble colleagues ventured to share. With the neglect of the Whigs ranking at his heart, he never lost an occasion of saving or serving them, during those four most bril-

liant years of his career, which he has so splendidly recorded. In the height of Tory power he was surrounded by old Whig friends, for whom he was an advocate with the Premier. "He (the Earl of Oxford) says Swift, 'knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele. It was in those times a usual subject of rally towards me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve.'"

"Swift," says Lord Mahon, "had a thorough knowledge of the basest parts of human nature, for they were his own."

Swift, in his youth, was the confidential secretary and élève of one of the purest statesmen of any time,—the illustrious Temple; and he was the occasional confidant and companion in his conferences with William the Third, "to whom he had been sent by Temple, with commissions of consequence, when unable to attend himself." To Swift's guardianship also Sir William Temple committed his future fame, and the revision and publication of his works.

Swift, in his prime, was the intimate friend, literary associate, and political counsellor of all the greatest and best men of his age,—of Oxford, Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Ormonde, and Peterborough; of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Addison, Congreve, Berkeley, Garth, Steele, and Parnell. If such a man knew all the baser parts of human nature, because they were his own, humanity itself stands censured in his person; for, all whom posterity honours for worth or genius, in the time of Swift, were his friends, admirers, and disciples. But there was a still more striking evidence in his favour that disproves his "baseness": it was the universal devotion of the most amiable and gifted among the women, who sought his friendship, and detected, under the rough rind of real or affected humour, that sensibility, without which there is no virtue, and with which, though there may be frailty, there can be none of the baser qualities. For evil comes only of obduracy; and the fair Saint, who said of Satan, "Le malheureux, il n'a jamais aimé," gave out a physical fact, which she mistook for a sentiment. Swift, from his early youth to his extreme old age, was sought for and surrounded by women. He became the object of their love or their care, from the retreat of his studious youth in Moore Park, to the cell of his imbecility in St. Patrick's close. Women of all ranks and all capacities clung to him; the worthy Whiteway, the aristocratic Berkeley, and haughty Ormondes, the astute Mashams, and spirited Queensberry, the tender Stella and passionate Vanessa—all found a charm in his society, which might have passed for magic, if the spell was not felt to be that which blends the brilliancy of wit with the endearment of sensibility.

The grand political accusation of Lord Mahon against Swift, is political tergiversation from the basest motives—his sense of personal neglect, "and the declining of one party, and the coming in of the other into office." With respect to Swift's keen sense of personal neglect, from those he had so long served,—to the sacrifice of his time, talent, and life itself,—there may be some foundation for the reproach. Swift *did* feel, and complained that he had been ungratefully treated and shamefully neglected by the Whigs. He complained of this in the height of their power; and in the height of their power he left them as a political party, and retired to his humble living in Ireland: but is this keen sense of personal neglect, with which he is reproached, to be denied to plebeian talent and plebeian politicians only? Is history to weep only over the wrongs of the aristocratic Aristides, or the ducal great captain, who, exposed to the conflicts of human opinion, retires in a keen sense of personal neglect, to more than royal palaces and princely revenues, and claims from posterity its sympathies for his egotistical resentment? And is the poor man of genius, whose eminent talents have aided to fix ministers of many quarterings and few abilities in their high places, to retire, like Swift, unrequited—unacknowledged, to some dreary cabin, and work out the all that remains of an overworked brain, in order to procure a bare sufficiency,—and yet to be reproached by noble historians with a sense of personal neglect? Surely this is asking too much from that poor human nature, whose "baser parts" Lord Mahon supposes made up the gross of Swift's character.

Still, badly as the Whigs treated Swift,—unmindful as they were of the exquisite literary merit of the author of the 'Tale of a Tub,' the 'Contest of Rome and Athens,' and other effective and brilliant productions of his time,—Swift did not leave them at the very moment the Tories were coming into office. Disliking their measures as politicians, but loving and corresponding with them as friends, he withdrew to literature and Stella, and to the rigid performance of his church duties; occasionally stealing up to town to gossip and laugh with Addison, the Whig Secretary of State, in his gloomy office of Dublin Castle.

"Notwithstanding (says Sheridan) that both his interest and personal attachments were of their side, he declined the overtures made to him by the heads of the Whiggish party; and, after some time, determined to have no concern in their affairs. This conduct in Swift was so unexpected, (for they had all along counted on him as a sure man,) that it met with the same sort of resentment from the Whigs, as if he had deserted their party, and gone over to the enemy; though Swift, in reality, so little liked the proceedings of either, that for several years he kept himself entirely a neutral, without meddling in any shape in politics."

Unrequited by the Tories, as he had been neglected by the Whigs, Swift was probably more a radical than either; but he had best be permitted to speak for himself. "I always declared myself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood; whether did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts,—first, as it was established by law; and secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. * * As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this, that whenever those evils that usually attend and follow a violent change in government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution. * * I had likewise, in those days, a mortal antipathy against standing armies in time of peace, because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived that a prince, who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. * * As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that gothic institution which made them annual; and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us," &c.

With respect to the charge of sending Stella to an early grave, Swift, in a heart-broken letter written to Mr. Worrall, in his apprehension of Stella's death, mentions her as his *oldest* friend,—"one with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years." But what has all this to do with politics?

Of the facts of Swift's public and political life there is little new to relate. Too much, perhaps, has already been said, in sympathy or in dislike; but the subject, so roughly and so minutely handled, was never thoroughly understood; and the mystery, which hung over the conduct of the devoted friend of two superior and delightful beings, who bartered happiness for immortality, has never been sufficiently considered in its influence over his humours, his feelings, and modes of being. Swift, after his installation in the chair of the Deanery, was jealous of the honours paid to his position; and he writes to Miss Vanhomrigh, that "the innumerable visits paid to the Deanery were to the Dean, not to the man." In like manner, the notice of this paper is chiefly directed to the Dean of St. Patrick; less to the master genius of English cabinets,—to the counsellor of privy councillors,—to the confidant of a Premier, the moving principle of a party, and the agent of a great, but fragile and perilled system,—than to the head of an Irish cathedral,—to the sound political writer and indefatigable champion of his country,—in a word, to the Irish patriot, in the best, truest, and most disinterested sense of that term.

Swift hated Ireland, and he lived in it; he had no respect for its people, but he pitied and defended them. While others flattered and wronged the nation, he risked his popularity by reproving, and his favour by serving it. He made head against official power, when it was most powerful; and he forfeited his

place in its high circles, at a time when fashion included in them all that was refined and enjoyable, in a land proverbially joyless and rude. Every letter, every line, from his installation to his death, proves this struggle between his feelings and his duty,—between his tastes and his patriotism. His intellect, his better, higher, and more refined associations, were all on the other side of the channel. England was the land of his forefathers; (he was wont to say that he was dropped in Ireland): in a word, he would have preferred London to any other part of the world; but Dublin,—“wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland,” (as he himself calls it.)—Dublin was his post, and he made it the stronghold, whence he best directed his forces for his country's defence; and from the precincts of his Deanery, (without one gracious circumstance to cheer him,) he continued through the rest of his life to pour forth the brilliant volleys of his genius, his wit, his eloquence, and satire, in behalf of the Irish people, and against the vices of her oppressors,—to the consternation of her enemies, but, alas! not to the triumph of her friends; for, then, friends she had had none.* Ireland was not then, as now, a fancy and a fashion. Her romantic story had not then been made easy to the most careless readers by amusing tales. Her native tragedy drew forth no tears, save those of its protagonists; her pure low comedy excited no laughter, but that of her own more thoughtless sons, over whose reckless temperament misfortune holds slight control. She had not yet become the ready illustration of the wrongs of all other countries,—a lever for English opposition to remove its own grievances with. Unknown among the nations of Europe, she was so prostrate, that if she felt, she did not resent, the violence she endured; but slumbered over her sorrows, like suffering infancy, that weeps itself to sleep. Swift awakened her, to sleep no more.

The seat of the great and vital malady was not, however, then touched—but the symptoms were discovered and exposed; and the “king of the rabble,” as he called himself, made the representatives of other kings tremble on their delegated thrones. Swift, from his earliest career, had been ill treated by Irish viceroys; as secretary to Lord Berkeley, he had been the dupe of courteous smiles, and the victim of bad faith. He had been supplanted “by one Bushe, who had by some means ingratiated himself with my Lord, and was appointed in Swift's room.” This species of “ingratiating” talent has never been wanting in Ireland, and rarely unsuccessful in an Irish court. The honest indignation of Swift found vent in his genius; but the witty epigram that showed up the villainy of his enemy, and the weakness of his protector, while it made others laugh at the expense of both, neither injured the one, nor corrected the other. When Swift, on a deanery becoming vacant, demanded the fulfilment of the Lord Lieutenant's promise, his Excellency replied, “Bushe has been beforehand with you, and has got the deanery for another.”† It is a curious circumstance that this “other,” recommended by an obscure, insinuating parasite, was the celebrated Bishop Boulter, the Laud of Ireland! a man who retrograded the interests and prosperity of the nation, and did more evil to the unfortunate people, than a century of better policy was able to redeem. Swift, with a genius that belonged to the world, with a political sagacity that drew inspiration from the institutions of the past, and anticipated the liberalism of the future, was driven in the prime of his life and talent to the obscure solitude and profitless duties of a paltry country living;‡ where, but for the impulse of his own restless energy and noble aspiration, he might have trifled away his years in neglect and life-wearing discontent: while Boulter, with the strong volitions

* After the sacrifice of a quarter of a century of the best years of his prime of life and genius, he was for a time inclined to barter his Deanery for a humble living in England; but the intention was shortly after given up.

† Bushe frankly told Swift, that Boulter had given him a thousand pounds for the Deanery, with the Lord Lieutenant's knowledge; Swift exclaimed, “Confound you both for a pair of scoundrels.”

‡ The living of Laracor, in the diocese of Meath, whose “willows” became as celebrated in Ireland, as the “laurel” in Arivnon. This living was given him by “Lord Berkeley,” who, says Sheridan, the most genuine of all his biographers, “was too conscious of the ill treatment he had given him, and too fearful of the resentment of exasperated genius, not to endeavour to pacify him.”

merely of the selfish and narrow minded, was placed in the full light of public evidence, and in a position made for the exhibition of his available qualities, which led him on to wealth and power, and finally, threw the destiny of a nation within his iron grasp. And by whose means was this effected?—by the influence of insinuation and by the corruption of a back-stairs counsellor, an amusing companion of an Irish Lord Lieutenant! The awful effects of such trivial causes are more strikingly illustrated in the history of the pro-consular government of Ireland, than in that of any other country in Europe. Swift and Boulter, the one the victim, the other the protégé of the Lord Lieutenant's obscure favourite, continued through life personal enemies and political opponents. The man of genius, undermined and undervalued, obtained, at the end of many years, the then poor Deanery of St. Patrick, as the recompense of the eminent service he had done those in power, who owed so much of their consideration to his admirable and popular writings. Boulter, the man of ability, who clung to party as a means, and to persons as a lever, attained to the Primacy of Ireland, and the summit of power,—the people's deadly foe, and the nation's curse! The name of Boulter is now scarcely known out of the political reminiscences of Ireland; the name of Swift belongs to the universe of mind, and is honoured wherever wit, genius, and integrity are estimated at their full value. But the life of the Primate was a triumph; that of the Dean a sacrifice: the one enjoyed all that life could give, and the other suffered all that life could endure.

From the solitudes of Laracor, where Swift passed some of the happiest hours of his life, proceeded many of those effusions which rendered its poor vicar a Power,—one whom all parties courted, and all parties feared,—whose occasional visits to London were considered a jubilee by wits, and an epoch by politicians. He who preached to a dozen paupers in the little churches of Rathbeggan and Laracor, who was unknown to the aristocratic circles of Dublin, and more feared than relished by its court, (with the sole exception of its then chief secretary,†) was, on the occasion of his frequent visits to London, courted, followed, and appreciated. The great Whig ladies sought his society, and boasted of his correspondence; the high Tory dames laid aside their aristocratic *morque*, and called him “brother,”‡ and genius of all colours and of all parties, Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bolingbroke, Prior, &c. &c. thought every hour lost that was not passed in his society, either as his hosts or his companions. But while all sought the delightful and amusing conversation of the wit, and availed themselves of the services of the powerful writer, none thought of serving the interests of the man. The Whigs had treated him with marked neglect; and the Tories exhibited no sympathies for the exile and penury of a man, of whose uncompensated talents and aid they would have availed themselves, to the exhaustion of his powers and the ruin of his mind. Swift still continued the vicar of Laracor, and remained without

† Addison, Chief Secretary under Lord Wharton. Swift passed much of his time with him. One can imagine with what delight Addison escaped the dry, and then most disgusting, details of office, the importunities of the haunters of the Castle Yard, to give himself up to the society of Swift, who always quoted the conversation of Addison in a *féte-a-tête* as the most agreeable he had ever known. Addison's opinion of the colloquial talents of Swift are thus registered in the blank leaf of his own book of travel, which he presented to him.

‡ To Dr. J. Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age, this book is presented by his most humble servant, the author.” For this “greatest genius of his age,”—certainly of his country—neither the literary Secretary of State for Ireland nor its witty Viceroy, did anything—or perhaps could do anything.

§ In his charming journal to Stella during his visit in 1710, he says, “All the Whigs were ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig to save them from sinking. The great men were all making their apologies. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make of my ill usage.” &c. Swift, who thought with the Whigs in politics, but acted with the Tories on church affairs, when he was most powerful with the latter, insisted that all the talent he had enlisted under the banner of Whiggism should keep their employments. He says in his letter to Stella, “Do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour of the ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in place; Congreve I have got to be used kindly; Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place; Phillips I had certainly provided for, if he had not run party mad. I let Addison resign at first, and have partly secured him the place he has.”—*Journal to Stella*.

preferment after the most important services that ever merited the gratitude of political friends. He had intrigue and envy to struggle with at home, and one woman's hatred and another's weakness to cope with abroad. It had been whispered at the Irish Court that the author of the admirable “project for the advancement of religion” was not “religious;” and when Harley recommended Swift to Queen Anne for a bishopric, the Archbishop of York (prompted by the Duchess of Somerset, whose hatred to Swift was personal, and therefore implacable) told her Majesty “To be sure that the man she was going to make a bishop was a Christian.” The tears and kneeling supplications of the favourite duchess effected what the insinuations of the prelate had begun. Swift was passed by—and the bishopric was given to another.

At last, after many disappointments, and many mortifications,—of hopes delayed, promises broken, and services uncompensated,—the vicar of Laracor was promoted to the deanery of St. Patrick in 1713, and his hopes of promotion in England, the object of all his desires, closed for ever.§

An incident which occurred on the day of his instalment, was a gloomy omen of his future life in the precincts of St. Patrick. As the new Dean passed through the great portal of the Cathedral, a copy of anonymous verses, affixed to the door, met his eye; they ran as follows:

To-day this Temple gets a Dean,
Of parts and fame uncommon,
Used both to pray and to prophane,
To serve both God and Mammon.
When Wharton reigned, a Whig he was,
When Pembroke, that's dispute, Sir,
In Oxford's time, what Oxford pleased,
Non-Con. or Jack, or neuter.
This place he got by wit and rhyme,
And many ways most odd,
And might a Bishop be in time,
Did he believe in God.
For high-church men and policy
He swears he prays most hearty,
But would pray back again, to be
A Dean of any party, &c. ||

The precincts of St. Patrick's Cathedral presented a very different aspect at the time of Swift's installation, from their appearance in remoter times. The crumbling touch of ages, the profane and vulgar uses to which the Cathedral had been devoted, the rapid transitions of its deans, and the falling off of its revenues, had left it shorn of all its former glories. Its vicinage was no longer the residence of the great, or the haunt of the powerful. It was already the unfashionable quarter of Dublin, the retreat of the indigent, and the asylum of the poor! The dean's manse, once a castle, with orchards, gardens, &c. had fallen to ruin; and the more modern residence, a great, gloomy, straggling house, standing at the corner of Mitre-alley, within the close, had nothing of the gothic picturesque of the Deans-rath of past times. The transition from Pope's poetical villa at Twickenham, from the withdrawing rooms of the Ormondes and the Orkeneyes, from the cabinet of my Lord Treasurer, from the boudoir of Lady Bolingbroke,* and the dangerous study of Vanessa, must have been disheartening and striking, as the change of society which Dublin presented after the most brilliant circles of wit, beauty, rank, fashion, and political excitement of London.

“At my first coming (he says) I thought I should have died of discontent, and was horribly melancholy, while they were installing me—but this begins to wear off and change to dulness.” “I design to pass the greatest part of my time in the cabin where I am now writing (at Laracor). I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor to the great house they say is mine.” And again—“The prints will tell you that I am condemned again to live in Ireland, and that all that the court and ministry did for me was to let me

§ In order to obtain the deanery of St. Patrick for Swift it was necessary to promote the then Dean, Dr. Sterne, to a Bishopric. What a curious picture of the whole transaction is given in the journal to Stella.

|| It is necessary to have lived in Ireland to know how Irish is this anonymous attack of party-spirit and sectarian slander. These bitter verses were brought home to his inveterate and eternal enemy, Jonathan Smedley, Dean of Clogher.

* Lady Bolingbroke introduced a love of French ease and gaiety into her circle, unknown to the coarser humour of the Mashams and the Howards. She was one of Mad. de Maintenon's charming nieces.

choose my situation in the country where I am banished."*

The time of his noviciate in the deanery was an epoch of intense misery to Swift, to which every passion contributed its pang; and it would be difficult to present humanity in an aspect of greater suffering and inconsistency, of weakness and of strength, than that illustrated by the feelings and intellect, by the struggle of passion and reason of the "grave Dean of St. Patrick" at this period. His sedate, but deep and tender love for Stella, which had so long made a part of himself, were now taking the character of pity and remorse; and the wild and agitating emotions which the more passionate and irritable Vanessa had awakened, were the pride, the shame, the pleasure, and the torment of his life. The delicious, but sober scenes of future happiness he had looked to with Stella, says one of his greatest contemporary historians, "were now overshadowed and eclipsed by the intervention of a brighter object, who promised pleasure of a more rapturous kind," but promised and offered in vain. All that renders life a bright illusion, or a real and intense enjoyment, now closed for ever on that proud, stern, but passionate mind, which even then anticipated its own fearful wreck, in the conflict of physical and moral evil. The world resounded with the political flame, the literary glories, and patriot struggles of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick, but the bower of Celbridge, the willows of Laracor, and the slovenly domicile of Quilca, could tell another story, in which the fate of the desponding Stella, and the frenzied Vanessa, formed dreadful episodes. Distracted between conscience and inclination, by love and by remorse, he married Stella, secretly, mysteriously, in the garden of the deanery, whose gate she never after passed but as an accompanied guest; but he assured Vanessa that never woman was adored by him but only her. The death of the unfortunate Vanessa alone released him from a conflict of feeling which was undermining his life. That death was his despair and his salvation.† It restored his affections to their habitual and healthier tone—it favoured the revival of his tender and devoted friendship to Stella—and left him free to direct the remainder of his intellectual life to the duties of his profession as Dean of St. Patrick, and to the interests of his country as her avowed, bold, and unconquerable champion.

[To be continued.]

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE extreme heat of last week (they talk of a *Lion-sun* in Corsica, and we can now understand what they mean,) by disposing us to lounge a little more than is our wont, has opened to us the Magazines of the month rather wider than usual: in plain English, we have looked through the best half-dozen of the periodicals carefully and deliberately. We have so often put on record our conviction, that they are to be

* One of the reasons for refusing Swift promotion (in early life), assigned by Dr. King, Bishop of Derry, was, "that he knew him to be a sprightly ingenious young man, who, instead of residing, would be eternally flying backward and forward to England."

† His journals in 1711 contain the history and character of his devotion to Stella, and of his intentions of marrying her. "Farewell, dearest beloved M. D. Love poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you. It is the last rally I shall ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I would make M. D. and me easy, and I never desired more. If I could decently come over now I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever." And again, "Nothing gives me any dream of happiness but a letter now and then from my own dearest M. D. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with." All this is love's own fond and foolish language: but these charming and now important journals soon lost their "little language" after his discovery of Vanessa's passion for her preceptor; and he arrived in Ireland to take possession of his deanery, not in transport, but in despair.

‡ The residence of Miss Vanhomrigh (who followed him to Ireland), is beautifully situated on the Liffy, a few miles from Dublin. The house and gardens are still in preservation; but this region of sighs and sentiment is now converted into a manufactory.

§ Quilca belonged to his friend Dr. Sheridan.

¶ He wrote to her in French: "Soyez assure, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimé, honoré, estimé, adoré par votre ami, que vous."

* On learning Vanessa's death he fled from the deanery on horseback and unattended, without letting any human being know to what part of the world he was gone; after two months mysterious absence, he wrote to Dr. Sheridan to meet him at a certain distance from Dublin.

valued in proportion as the influence of a presiding spirit is visible in their pages, that there is no need to descend further upon this point. But we know that the *New Monthly*, which this month is made up of clever and amusing articles, is far more fatiguing and less profitable to read than either *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, or the *Monthly Repository*, from each of which we can extract a thought; and "whoever has originated a thought," says a French writer finely, "has done an immortal thing." But the *New Monthly* has many pleasant papers, taken separately; Leigh Hunt's, to begin with, on the 'Syrens and Mermaids of the Poets';—and then Poole's 'Delicate Attentions,' about to be dramatized, over which we chuckled in anticipation of Farren's racy performance of the timid and ill-starred Mr. Gingerly;—to say nothing of an essay on Opera Dancing, which we read in all solemnity, till *entrechats* and *pirouettes* became as important in our eyes as some state secrets, (the authorship of the 'Diary of a Désennuyée,' for instance). Nor must we pass the enthusiastic paper on the presumed life and looked-for prosperity of dramatic genius in England, with its blast against our article on 'Ion,'—for a counterblast whereunto, inquire at the *Monthly Repository*; nor the contribution of a new poet, 'The Romant of Margret.' We have not read such a ballad for many a day; and if its writer will only remember, that in poetry manner is a blemish to be got rid of, and not an ornament to be worn and cherished, he (or she) may rank very high—what if we say, among the highest? *Blackwood* has prevailed upon the Physician once again to open his Diary; 'The Merchant's Clerk' is powerful, true, but painful. Besides this, we have more of 'Alciades, the young man,' glowingly and classically done, with a promise (*querre* threat?) of a review of the 'Pericles and Aspasia.' We do not like the vulgarities of 'The Man of Wax,'—there is nothing coarser in the coarsest parts of 'Gervase Skinner'; but the two articles on Art and Painting, and the final one on Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' must be accepted as compensations in full. By the way, is the bard of Avon really and practically honoured across the Border, or have our friends in the "north country" never heard of the Stratford subscription? We like the *Dublin University Magazine* for the increased nationality thrown into its pages since we last met it: we recognize, with all our hearts, the spirit which leads its conductors to hang up (though coloured in orange) a gallery of pictures of illustrious Irishmen, and to point to the natural attractions of the Emerald Isle. *Fraser* gives us a good portrait of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd: here, too, we have an article on Shakespeare, chiefly touching the 'Hamlet,' and Father Prout's translations from Horace, which, to our thinking, are too slipshod—too free-and-easy, to give an idea of the elegant carelessness (the result of the highest and most nicely-calculated polish) of the Sabine bard. Why will Mr. Chapman spoil his clever Hebrew Idyls by a resolute introduction of conceits?—the one for the present month—its subject Judith—contains some stanzas, as mean and out of place as others are noble and breathing the spirit of ancient Israel. There is also a careful review of Southey's 'Life of Cowper.' The *Gentleman's Magazine* takes Joanna Baillie's plays as text for its leading article. The *Scottish Magazine*, though containing clever writing, proves itself a young periodical by the extreme shortness of its articles. The *Court Magazine* has a graceful portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Dundas; the most striking thing among its letterpress is the account of the burning of the packet-ship *Boston*. The *Monthly Repository* has lost its former editor, Mr. Fox, and is now under the control of the author of the 'Exposition of the False Medium': there is always strong writing and original thinking (sometimes a little crude) in this periodical. The mention of a change of editors reminds us that Mr. John Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, has been recently appointed to the editorship of Mr. Beaumont's periodical, the *British and Foreign Review*. But enough of the Magazines.

The present number of the *London and Westminster* is an improvement on the last. It was the peculiarity of the *Westminster* that its good articles were very good, and its bad ones very bad indeed, dull, prosy, and pedantic. This we always attributed to the adoption of a bad system, to a dogged determination to be useful, no matter at what sacrifice of

the graces. Hence a super-fastidious attention to the orthodoxy (in the editor's sense of that word,) of the contributor, which excluded in some cases all other merit. The narrow circle of sect, in politics, and philosophy, is too soon exhausted; points of doctrine, once fully exposed, admit not of repetition; and nothing remains for the reviewer so circumscribed to offer to the public, but the mannerism of his school. The articles of the present number are varied: that on the Catholic and Protestant claims to infallibility is admirable for its close logic; that on Mr. Barry's designs contains matter worthy of the attention of those who have a voice in the proposed erections for Parliament. The review of the *Quarterly Reviewer* on French novels is judicious; and that on the Poor Laws in Ireland, a clear (*ex parte*) statement of the merits of that question,—the opening estimate of Sir J. Walsh—but that is merely political.

The following is the translation of a letter just received from the King of Bavaria, by Dr. Bowring:—

I am informed by my Minister at the court of London, how greatly you have contributed towards enriching my public library with the different collections of Parliamentary documents, which have been published in England, and I rejoice in expressing to you how much I am gratified thereby. Gifts like these, tendered as it were from nation to nation, are well calculated to advance the progress of civilization, and to aid enlightened governments in their solicitude for the gradual amelioration of society. You, Sir, are labouring for the general good in assisting, as you do, in a wider and still wider sphere, the diffusion of those precious documents which contain so much collected knowledge, and so many valuable suggestions. Placed in the great library of my capital, they will be accessible to all, and I am but the organ of a universal feeling, in thus thanking you for the pains you have taken in furtherance of an object so full of philanthropy. And I pray God to hold you in his sacred keeping.

(Signed) LOUIS.

Munich, June 7th, 1836.

This letter and the circumstance which gave rise to it, are equally honourable to the parties. The interchange of national monuments is important, not merely in its literary, but its political consequences; it tends to widen the influences of civilization, to stretch the hand of fellowship across "the narrow frith," which heretofore

Made enemies of nations, who had else,

Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

It was in this spirit that, though objecting to all direct votes of money in aid of private speculation, we yet recommended that government should take a liberal number of copies of the projected *Medallie History of England*, by M. Collas, distributing them among the learned and literary societies of foreign nations, and presenting them to foreign ambassadors and others; and we yet hope that this suggestion will be considered by the committee, to whom the subject has been referred.

The concluding meeting of the present session of the Institute of British Architects will be held on Monday the 18th inst., on which occasion Earl De Grey, the President, will take the chair, and the presentation of the medal to Mr. Godwin, for his Essay on Concrete, will then take place. The medal, which was designed by Mr. Donaldson, the Secretary, has been beautifully executed by Mr. Benjamin Wyon, presenting on the obverse a six-columned Doric temple, surrounded by the motto of the Institute, and on the reverse a laurel wreath, inclosing the words "Institute of British Architects;" a broad band outside the wreath receives the name of the fortunate competitor. The Secretary has recently received a letter from Baron Klenze, of Munich, architect to the Pinacotheca and Glyptothec, announcing his intention of visiting England in August next.

The author of 'Natural History of Enthusiasm' has at length avowed himself, and put forth an address in his own name, Isaac Taylor, dated, Stanford Rivers, Essex, offering himself as a candidate for the chair of Logic, in the University of Edinburgh.

Our ears are not sorry to hear that the musical season is rapidly coming to a close. Our last fragment of a Concert embraced a duet by Lord Burghersh (*encored*), which was very well sung by Mrs. Smith and Miss Wyndham, at the last *Concert of the Royal Academy Pupils* yesterday week; and Morley's pretty madrigal, 'Now is the month of Maying,' to which a like honour was paid, more for the sake of its resistless 'Fal la la,' than the delicacy and precision with which it was executed. A few

nights more will close the enchantments of the Opera for six long months; and an enchantment indeed it has been to hear Grisi singing as she has done for the last few nights. Carlotta Grisi was brought forward as a *cantatrice* at Perrot's benefit on Thursday night. She has voice and execution enough to charm the world without, should her feet fail her, but they are dancing rapidly towards the perfection of grace; and we preferred her *tarentella* with Perrot ("the steps, and music, imported from Naples," so said the bills,) to her *cavatina*. This national dance was given in a style which could not be surpassed. The house was well attended; and the entertainments of too liberal a length.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS of the ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, and DUTCH SCHOOLS, including two of the celebrated Murillo's, from Marshal Soult's Collection, which His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has most liberally allowed the Directors to exhibit for the benefit of the Institution, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning till 6 in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The THIRTEENTH EXHIBITION of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, is open to the Public from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.

T. C. HOFLAND, Sec.

WILL CLOSE on SATURDAY, the 23rd inst.

JUST OPENED, at the PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE, a brilliant VIEW of the LAGO MAGGIORE, displaying the Island Picatori, Isola Madre, Isola San Giovanni, Baveno, Tre-figura, Palanica, Lavento, and the surrounding Mountains, combining all those extraordinary beauties of nature which have long rendered this enchanting spot the great attraction to all travellers.

The VIEW of LIMA, the capital of Peru, remains Open.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

JUST OPEN, TWO PICTURES, painted by Le Chevallier Bouton. The Subjects are, the VILLAGE of ALAGNA, in Piedmont, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence. The Village is first seen by moonlight, surrounded by its peaked mountains, with a lake in the foreground, formed by the melting of the snow; the lights from the distant houses are reflected upon its surface,—the avalanches sweeping from their lofty summits, overwhelm the village. The coming day reveals the scene of desolation; and the simple spire alone remains as evidence of what hath been. The merits of the second Picture, the Interior of the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, are so well known as to render detail unnecessary;—it exhibits all the effects of light and shade, from noon-day till midnight.—Open from 10 till 5.

FINE ARTS

It is long since we have been able to offer any general notice of the works of art, of all orders and pretensions, which are hurried before the public at this time of the year. Our table is, therefore, proportionately crowded, but with some things so choice and excellent as to make the duty of examination a labour of love.

To begin with the most interesting: we noticed with peculiar commendation, Mr. J. F. Lewis's admirable drawing of *Spanish Monks preaching at Seville*, when exhibited at the Water-colour Exhibition; it has lost nothing of its force and character in being transferred to copper by Bromley. The preaching friar is as earnest as ever, and the kneeling monk as devout, and the listening donnas, in all the bravery of fan and mantilla, as willing to divide their hearts between earthly and heavenly love—and the peasant behind them, as puffingly intent upon the creature comforts of his cigar, as in the original coloured representation. The work, in short, whether as an engraving or a composition, is capital.

After admiring these picturesque costumes, and unconstrained attitudes, we must confess that the broad-cloth and formality of modern portraiture come before us at a disadvantage. Yet Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of *Sir Robert Peel*, an intellectual head, gracefully rendered, stands the test: here it is beautifully engraved in *mezzotint* by Turner. Mr. Cole's portrait, too, of *Mr. Knight*, the president of the Horticultural Society, is intelligent and expressive—plainly, but not prosaically executed; it is engraved by the sure hand of Cousins. Then we have the portrait of the *Rev. Henry Melvill*, also by Cousins, after Rand (the painter, we believe, is an American artist), which we like less; there is a certain conceit in the countenance and attitude, which is displeasing, when associated with the surplice and the pulpit. A strong contrast to this is Northcote's portrait of the late *William Godwin*, forcibly engraved by Dawe; the likeness was taken before age had bowed his muscular figure; and the head is good, with that eagle look of fearlessness and genius which should belong to such a man; the portrait, however, would give a false impression of Godwin's stature, which was below the middle height. The next celebrated character upon whom, by contrast, we

chanced to light, after leaving this expounder of ultra-liberal doctrines, was *Lord Lyndhurst*. He is here drawn by Chalon—a full-length figure, arrayed in all the finery of his robes, and looks far too comical for our tastes. We must close, for the present, our gallery of single portraits, by mentioning two sorry lithographs, which may interest the musical people—the one an ultra-wild head of *Beethoven*, with a long tributary inscription beneath it; the other a particularly disagreeable likeness of *Rubini*, by M. Salabert.

We may now mention a few single prints: one of them, a *Venetian Girl*, engraved by Graves, after Wood, is sweet and speaking, and excellent as a work of art. We must also notice, with commendation, three especially clever lithographed studies of Trees, by Mr. Cowen. In the humorous design by Schroeder, entitled the 'Dream of the Bottle,' and that by Neureuther, illustrating Goethe's ballad, *Vanitas Vanitatum Vanitas*, we confess we were perplexed to find a meaning. Liversage's scene from the 'Antiquary,' where Sir Arthur Wardour, and his daughter, and Edie Ochiltree, are placed in mortal peril by the advancing tide, is brought out as a single print. Another, bearing the attractive title of the *Wooden Walls of Old England*, well engraved by Rolls, after Buss, is the portrait of a disabled veteran, in his mimic man-of-war, towed to the shore by "a help" by one leg better than himself. The plates in the 'Historical Notices of Fonthill Abbey' are a republication of those in Mr. Rutter's larger work. Such young ladies as wish to revive the somewhat obsolete art of cutting out, in black paper, cannot do better than consult the 'Sibyl Leaves, or Drawing-room Scraps,' wherein they will find clear precept and copious example.

One of the most popular illustrated works at the present time, when everything (even domestic difference) is wrested into the service of politics, is Ryall's *Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen*. This publication deserves encouragement from all parties, for the artistic skill and care with which it is got up. The number before us contains the Duke of Wellington, after Lawrence's noble picture—Lord Lyndhurst, engraved by Artlett, after Chalon—and Lord Wharcliffe, engraved from Briggs's portrait, by Hall: the plates are all of them carefully executed. Why should not the Reformers be up and doing likewise? The work would thrive none the worse for a little opposition.

A second series of *Twelve Etched Outlines of Continental Architecture*, from sketches by the late Mr. Charles Wild, was sure to be welcome. None knew better how to select and delineate the beauties of Gothic architecture. What, for instance, can be more fantastic than the *morceau* from the nave of the church of the barefooted Carmelites, Ghent—or more rich and varied than the Hotel de Bourgtheroulde, Rouen? But the most interesting among these beautiful Outlines are those of the Cathedral of Chartres, so recently all but destroyed by fire.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Evening, THE FARMER'S STORY, with GREYNA GREEN; MRS. WHITE; and A DAY WELL SPENT. On Monday, THE PET OF THE PETTICOATS; after which MRS. WHITE; and a New Vaudeville Burlesque, called THESEUS AND ARIADNE; or, The Labyrinth of Crete.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

FRENCH PLAYS at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, under the direction of Mad. JENNY VERTRE, on WEDNESDAY, 13th July, 1836, for the BENEFIT of M. A. NOURRIT.—Madame MALIBRAN will make her first and only appearance at the above Theatre. The Evening's Entertainment will also include Madame Jenny Vertre, Mlle. Plessis, M. De Beriot, M. Moscheles, M. Benedict, M. Ivanoff, M. Balfe, and Signor Pistrucci. Private Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Places, to be had of Mr. W. Warne, at the Box Office of the Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

Euphrates Expedition.—The following extract of a letter is from the *Hampshire Telegraph*, and furnishes information of the progress of the Expedition up to the 5th of May.—"After many tedious delays and vexatious annoyances, we completed the transport of the vessels and stores, to our station near Binjulo, in February. My vessel, the *Euphrates*, 200 tons, 50 horse power, having the Colonel on board, made a trial up the river, on the 17th of March, and commenced the descent on the 19th: we seldom steam more than from 25 to 30 miles in one day, as we are obliged to have the boats on a-head for the survey,

and the officers return by land to pilot the vessels. We have been twice aground, once for fourteen days, and again for three; the *Tigris* joined us at Kara Bam Bouch on the 18th April; she has also been aground for some days. We have been detained here some time, expecting a caravan of stores from Aleppo; on its arrival we shall push on to Giabour, where the *Tigris* is now waiting for us. Our scientific departments have made great progress, and, from the ample fields of Syria and Mesopotamia, have made abundant specimens both in the Geology, Natural History, and Topography of this country. The river, as far as we know, is perfectly navigable up and down, for steamers of sufficient power, and proper construction.—We have had always in the main channel, from one and a half to three fathoms water, the current varying from three and a half knots to five, in the rapids, in the low season, and four and a half knots to six, in the rapids, during the high season; the greatest rise between the two seasons is from fourteen to sixteen feet, and liable to constant fluctuations, the river always rising or falling. The *Euphrates* has steamed 5.6 knots over the ground, against a 4.4 current, when drawing three feet six inches on an even keel, engines working thirty and a half revolutions; therefore, as the river is considerably more torpid below us, we may reasonably expect to make a speedy voyage upwards. We carry many stores down with us, to place in depot on the river, which makes our draught of water four feet; the descent is very anxious work, from the innumerable shoals, islands, &c.; but, please God, we shall weather all yet. As for the Arabs, we are always as ready for fighting as they are, and we contrive to frighten them out of their wits; but they are certainly the most arant thieves in creation. The other day we experienced our first shipwreck of a large barge, carrying about forty tons of coals, stores, &c.; she was bilged on a rock, and sunk instantly, in a rapid of nine fathoms water: the crew were saved, and the loss of not much consequence to us: we have now several smaller in our squadron. The Expedition has suffered much from sickness, and lost many of its number, but a reinforcement of six seamen from the *Columbine*, in the Mediterranean, and four soldiers from England, make up its original strength. I am happy to say our Commander has recovered, but, with many others, is subject to repeated attacks of ague."

M. Lechevalier, author of the 'Voyage de la Troade,' died on Saturday last, aged 80.

The Chevalier Kessels, the well-known Dutch sculptor, and member of the Academy of St. Luke, died at Rome a short time ago.

Messrs. Beaume, Robert Fleury, Jules Corget, Jolivard, and Lapite, have received as a testimony of the approbation of the King of the various pictures exhibited by them in the recent Salon, the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

Brussels.—The King of the Belgians is about to direct the formation of a national collection of paintings of the old masters at Brussels.

Memoirs of Louis XVIII.—A manuscript is said to have been discovered at the back of some books, in the library of the Tuileries, in five volumes, in the hand-writing of Louis XVIII. It is a sort of autobiography, or narrative of events, to which he was a party, from 1788 to 1802.

Busts.—A new instrument has been invented in Paris, called the Physionotype, for the moulding of busts, on a principle which renders the likeness to the original a mechanical certainty. Busts in plaster are thus produced for five francs each. Another machine, entitled the portrait-mirror, has also been constructed, by which a portrait may be taken in twenty minutes, from the reflection of the face of the original in a looking-glass.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We are greatly obliged to our correspondent at Omagh, but we can add nothing satisfactory to the reply of our agent. The Monthly Parts certainly reach Dublin as early as the London Magazines. The subject shall be considered.

Court and Camp of Don Carlos.—We were in error, it appears, in applying the passage from the 'Journal,' reflecting on the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, to Mr. Honan. As we have had occasion to refer to that article, it may be well to say, that the introductory paragraph, "Party spirit dissolves and disfigures," &c., should have been "discolours," &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE NEXT MEETING will be HELD at BRISTOL, during the Week commencing on MONDAY, August 23rd.

The Members of the General Committee will assemble on the preceding Saturday.

(By Order of the Council.)

JAMES VATES, Secretary to the Council.

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THE Name of the Editor of the MONTHLY

REPOSITORY having always been avowed, from the time it ceased to be a sectarian Magazine, the Proprietor thinks it due to their Subscribers, as well as to their Contributors (among whom so many of the first writers of the time are included), to state, that the active management will in future, devolve upon R. H. HORNE, Author of the Exposition of the

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